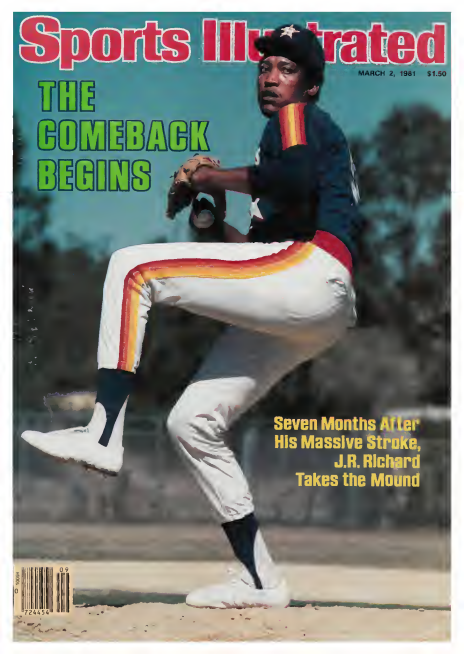


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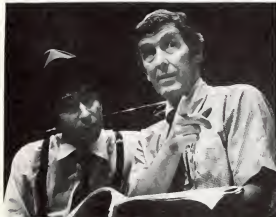
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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

AN UPBEAT STORY ABOUT A DYING MAN
WHO TURNS TO SPORT AND FINDS LIFE

Herbert M. Howe was 31 years old and working on his doctoral thesis in African studies at Harvard when a lump was removed from his wrist. "Herb, I don't want to shock you," his doctor told him, "but our biopsy shows that you do have cancer, a very rare form of fibrosarcoma. There's an 80% chance that you'll die within five years."

That was in August 1976. Now, 4½ years later, Howe is alive and, according to the tests he regularly takes, in excellent health. No doubt much of the credit for that must go to the intravenous chemotherapy that Howe endured for six months, but Howe himself gives at least equal credit to the vigorous physical activity in which he engaged even on those days when his hopes were bleakest.

Howe tells the story of his stubborn and courageous fight to live in *Do Not Go Gentle* (Norio, \$10.95). Like other books in the genre, it is full of grisly details about hospital and treatments and countless hours of agony. What makes the book distinctive is its suggestion that sports may have helped cure Howe's cancer.

"I grabbed sports as eagerly as a schoolchild pulls on his first Little League jersey," Howe writes. "Sports emphasized my disinclination to depend upon friends. Friends couldn't give me what I needed most: pride in myself, a sense of control and a chance to test myself against an intimidating foe."

Often against the wishes of his doctors, Howe staggered out of chemotherapy and onto the playing field. The range of activities in which he participated is startling: running, swimming, squash, baseball, basketball, canoeing, weightlifting, scuba diving, boxing, hang gliding. He had been athletic as a boy and had been fairly active in sports when he was in his 20s, but he became even more athletic as the prospect of death hung over him. He writes:

"In its small way, athletic defeat approximated death. Both were inevitable and not necessarily painful. The more familiar defeat became, the less I might fear death."

The point of the story, of course, is that in the end he won. To the question, "Did sports cure me of cancer?" he has no clear answer. He does believe, though, that as he stretched his playing capacities he also increased his capacity to endure chemotherapy, that "by nudging me beyond my supposed limits, sports granted dignity and self-esteem when I needed them the most." Out of this dogged struggle he has made a fine book. **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

WATCHWORD FOR OUR TIMES

With talk of a baseball players' strike in the air and with big salary arbitration awards being announced almost daily, Philadelphia Phillie Slugger Mike Schmidt was probably lucky to get a word in edgewise. Everything considered, he uttered a well-chosen one the other evening at a sports banquet in Wilmington, Del. when Phillie President Ruly Carpenter, acknowledging Schmidt's presence on the dais, rhetorically asked the audience, "What can I say about Mike Schmidt after his being named MVP for both the National League and the World Series?" Whereupon the seated Schmidt shouted, "Renegotiate!"

KIDDESCAM

Massimo Ottolenghi's classmates in Milan were startled to hear him being hailed on TV as a soccer hero. Massimo, 14, had supposedly been the star of a team representing the Internazionale soccer club that had beaten a team from Bolivia to win a tournament in Buenos Aires for boys 14 and under. But Massimo's friends knew he'd been dutifully attending classes while the tournament was taking place. They told their elders, and pretty soon the newspapers got wind of the story and began investigating.

What they uncovered might be called Kiddiescam. The newspapers reported that with the connivance of Massimo, the coach, team officials and the players, a lad who was over the tournament's age limit had performed under Massimo's name, scoring seven goals and being named the tournament MVP. So, how did Massimo wind up being celebrated on Italian TV? Easy. The ringer was identified as 15-year-old Massimo Pellegrini. When the plane carrying the triumphant Internazionale team made a stopover in Rome en route to Milan, he supposedly got off and his place was taken by a waiting Massimo Ottolenghi, who until his classmates blew the whistle on him proceeded to make public appearances as if he had been the star of the big victory in

Argentina. Internazionale suspended the coach and two team officials, and the Milan public prosecutor was investigating the possibility that Massimo Pellegrini had traveled abroad on Massimo Ottolenghi's passport.

PORTRAITS IN GOLD

What happens when you take six U.S. Olympic gold medalists, give them paint and canvas and ask them to create works of art through their "athletic medium"? To find out—and to raise funds for the U.S. Olympic Committee—Anheuser-Busch, Inc. recently underwrote just such a project. The resulting paintings will be exhibited starting April 11 in Manhattan's Spectrum Fine Art Gallery, after which they will be auctioned off. Each work will also be reproduced in a signed edition of 1,984 prints. And there are plans to market posters of the paintings, sensationally priced, for the set of six, at \$19.84. That number, of course, represents the next Olympic year.

The athletes showed world-class resourcefulness in creating their masterworks. Hockey player Mike Erzuzone slap-shot paint-doused pucks at a canvas and then put on blades and "skated" a trail of paint across his work. After putting paint to canvas, swimmer John Naber lifted, kinked and tilted it in motions vaguely similar to swimming strokes. Al Oerter tossed discs as a paint-covered canvas. Sprinter Wilma Rudolph ran through a blob of paint in track shoes and re-created on canvas her "first stride" out of the starting blocks. Bill Russell dribbled a basketball across a paint-covered canvas. And, finally, Marathoner Frank Shorter put a glob of paint on canvas and let it stream across the surface. Shorter explained that he was letting the color "run."

EVOLUTIONARY ADAPTATIONS

Minnesota Twins Owner Calvin Griffith, 69, is a tightlipped oldtimer whose ability to operate in baseball's current free-wheeling economic climate has been in-

creasingly open to question. While rival owners were lavishing lucrative long-term contracts on their players, Griffith refused to follow suit. As a result, he lost a dozen free agents to other teams, including such notables as Larry Hoke, Lyman Bostock, Bill Campbell, Dave Goltz and Geoff Zahn. Furthermore, when Rod Carew and Bert Blyleven threatened to play out their options, Griffith traded them rather than pay them what they demanded. Owing partly to Griffith's skunkfint ways, the Twins last season finished 19½ games behind Kansas City in the American League West and drew only 769,206 fans, the lowest attendance in the majors. The Twins' strug-



gles have raised doubts about whether the team will even be around to move as scheduled in 1982 into a new domed stadium now under construction in downtown Minneapolis, a change of venue Griffith has characteristically resisted.

But the idea that the Twins are about to go down the tube is flatly rejected by Griffith's son, Clark, 39, the team's executive vice-president and heir apparent to his father. "The dinosaur lived 140 million years before it became extinct," says the younger Griffith, who is generally credited with a couple of evolutionary adaptations the club has recently made. Faced with the loss of Catcher Butch Wynegar, the Twins startled everybody a month ago by signing him to a five-year contract at \$400,000 per, then the richest in the club's history. Last week the Twins eclipsed that record by agreeing to give Shortstop Roy Smalley a four-year, \$2.4 million deal. "Calvin wasn't happy about spending so much money,"

continued

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conceded Clark Griffith. "None of us were. But it was either that or lose our catcher and shortstop."

The younger Griffith reportedly had to argue heatedly with his father before the latter would consent to loosen the purse strings, and it seemed significant that Calvin was in Florida when the Wynegar and Smalley contracts were announced, leaving Clark to preside over press conferences in Minneapolis. And while Clark confirms that the Twins are now willing to "extend our life-span by signing our own players," he hastens to emphasize that the club will continue to refrain from bidding for free agents from other teams. Even so, Wynegar was sufficiently stunned by his fat new contract to say, "I fell to my knees. I had my wife give me a little slap to see if I was all right."

HERSCHEL'S BIG DECISION

Most observers believe that Herschel Walker, the fabulous freshman who led Georgia's football team to the national championship last season, is good enough to play in the NFL right now. Agent Mike Trope, for one, thinks the 18-year-old Walker would be a fool to wait. Trope reckons that by holding off three years before turning pro, Walker would forfeit "a couple of million dollars."

If Walker sought to play immediately in the NFL, he would have to buck that league's rules prohibiting any team from signing a college player until he 1) uses up his eligibility, 2) graduates, or 3) has been out of high school for five years. There are precedents for such a challenge. In 1977 Notre Dame Running Back Al Hunter was suspended from school for disciplinary reasons and threatened to sue the NFL if he weren't allowed to play that season. The league yielded, and Hunter wound up playing for the Seattle Seahawks during what would have been his senior year at Notre Dame. Jan Van Duser, the NFL's director of personnel, concedes that if Walker took the matter to court, he might force the league's hand just as the University of Detroit's Spencer Haywood succeeded in overturning a similar NBA prohibition in a court action in 1971. But Van Duser also says that because of the resulting litigation, "The kid might wind up in limbo for a couple of years before he could play." At any rate, the Canadian Football League has no restrictions regarding the signing of U.S. collegians,

and the Montreal Alouettes have already acquired that league's negotiating rights to Walker.

Georgia boosters naturally would like to keep Walker out of the pro ranks for the time being, which may be one reason some of them were talking about setting him up in a potentially lucrative insurance business while he was still in college, an idea that Georgia Coach Vince Dooley said last week had been dropped. Dooley explained that the NCAA had advised him the scheme might jeopardize Walker's eligibility.

For his part, Walker describes himself as "still a boy who isn't ready to play with the men" and insists that because of his interest in a career as an FBI agent, he's not sure he'll ever play pro football. But Walker, currently a sprinter on the indoor track circuit, also says he'd consider dropping football if he felt it would help his chances of qualifying for the 1984 Olympics, which he calls "a once-in-a-lifetime thing."

Hold your breath, Georgia fans.

HE'S PELL, I'M MEL

Purists may be interested to know that there is a place in basketball for running and gunning. The Northeast High Hurricanes of Oakland Park, Fla. have averaged a relatively modest 57.3 points a game while achieving an 18-10 record, but look who's on the team's bench: senior Guard Rodger Running and senior Forward Charles Gunning.

THE BIG THAW

The weather has played havoc with a number of U.S. ski resorts, especially in the West. A severe shortage of snow early in the season devastated Colorado's Breckenridge, which as of last week had been in full operation just 13 days all winter and had sold fewer than 40,000 lift tickets compared to 400,000 at the same point last year. Resorts that received more substantial snowfall or are equipped to make their own snow have fared better, but a recent mild spell across much of the nation has brought grief to many of them, too. In Los Angeles, where residents were flocking to the beaches and tennis courts last week to enjoy temperatures that reached a record 89°, a spokesman for Sandy's Ski Sports, which operates 10 shops in L.A. and nearby ski areas, moaned, "Business is terrible. It's almost a disaster."

Mild weather also disrupted plans for

the annual Birkebeiner Race, the biggest cross-country ski marathon in the U.S. Organizers were expecting a record 7,000 skiers to participate in a 55-km race through the woods of northern Wisconsin. The course had a snow base of 6 to 8 inches in early February, but temperatures in the 50s followed by heavy rains washed that away. Race officials postponed the mass-participation part of the Birkebeiner but decided to improvise mini-races for 54 "elite" competitors and 159 touring skiers from Europe and far-flung points in the U.S. The only significant snow available was on 1,770-foot Mount Telemark, ordinarily an alpine site, and organizers fashioned a six-km. loop on the slopes, which elite racers were to negotiate eight times. But the temperature hovered around 60° on race day, and after sloshing through the 48-km. course in 3 hours and 9 minutes to win the elite event, Jean-Paul Pierrat of France said, with considerable understatement, "It wasn't a good trial."

The next big cross-country event in the U.S. is a two-day, 100-km. marathon scheduled for this weekend in Bemidji, Minn. The course for that event was bare of snow last week, and organizers said that unless there was a fresh snowfall, the event would be staged as a 30-km. footrace, with competitors required to carry ski poles while running. The beleaguered Bemidji organizers might well sympathize with equally harassed officials in Pinzolo, Italy, a ski-resort community that has been afflicted by a shortage of snow. In their desperation to make a cross-country course, they recently dispatched trucks to bring in snow from surrounding areas, prompting bitter residents of neighboring communities to accuse them of "snow piracy."

THEY SAID IT

● Gordie Howe, asked whether he'd ever broken his nose while playing hockey: "No, but I'll other guys did."

● Mike Norris, Oakland A's pitcher, stoically accepting an arbitration award of \$325,000 instead of the \$450,000 he'd sought: "No problem. I was either going to wake up rich or richer."

● Pete Carril, Princeton's basketball coach, after setting up two plays during a time-out and then watching as the Tigers' Randy Melville threw in an off-balance 25-footer with two seconds left to beat Cornell 46-44: "It was the third of two options."

END

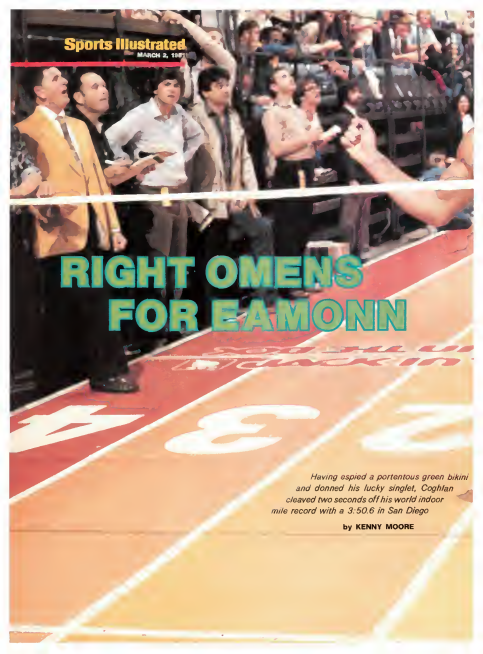


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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 2, 1981

RIGHT OMENS FOR EAMONN

Having espied a portentous green bikini and donned his lucky singlet, Coughlan cleaved two seconds off his world indoor mile record with a 3:50.6 in San Diego

by KENNY MOORE



Eamonn Coghlan is not a superstitious man. Yet he kept a constant eye out for omens last week in San Diego, finding intimations of good luck in such things as a green bikini sighted during a training run along Mission Beach. There were, to be sure, explanatory pressures for this uncharacteristic behavior. The Jack in the Box Invitational mile would be run Friday in the Sports Arena. The four fastest indoor milers in history would be in it, including Coghlan himself, holder of the 3:52.6 world record set in the same event in 1979. And Coghlan well understood that his record was in grave danger for a host of reasons that he swiftly enumerated: "The history of the meet, the crowd, the track, the point in the season and the men involved."

Of the 37 fastest indoor miles, 12 had

been run on the 11-lap-to-the-mile track in San Diego, and that fact, Coghlan pointed out, had a way of turning a runner's hopes to palpable certainty. "The crowd has a voice like nowhere else," he added. "It can make it seem like you're running on a cushion of air." As well, the track is springy and its turns seem to be banked at the optimum angle for milers running 58-second quarters.

Coghlan's own season had begun modestly with a 3:59.1 mile in early January and a 3:54.3 three weeks later. In both races he was well beaten by Steve Scott. But at the Millrose Games in New York on Feb. 6, the old Coghlan kick returned, and he won in 3:53.0, the season's fastest time. "If the Millrose race had been in San Diego," he said flatly, "the record would have gone."

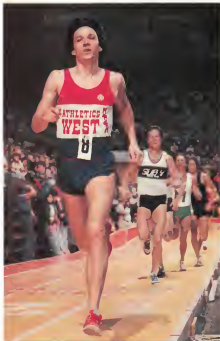
To improve his chances of breaking the mark in San Diego, Coghlan took strong measures. He called Phil (Tiny) Kane, who had been a teammate for three years at Villanova, and asked him to set

the pace—1:56 for the 880. And he dug into his suitcase and drew out a white cotton racing shirt emblazoned with the large green M of the Metropolitan Harriers of Dublin, which Coghlan has run for since he was 12. "I needed a singlet for cross-country races in the fall, so Tommy Swift loaned it to me. Every time I wore it I won. When I didn't, I didn't. Before I came over here I offered it back, but Tommy said, 'It does you good. Keep it. But try to wear it when I'll see it on television.'"

Had the cameras been paying attention before the mile, Tommy back home might have seen seven remarkably distinct men trotting the Sports Arena corridors. Kane, whose best is 3:57.75, is a graduate student in business at Tennessee. He wore the red, white and blue of Athletics West and came onto the track coughing. "I had a cold," he would say after the race. "And I'd never been a rabbit for anyone. I'd only do it for Eamonn."

John Walker of New Zealand, once

Kane (left) performed almost too well as a rabbit and then Scott took over and attempted to blunt Coghlan's famed kick by keeping up a world-record pace



the outdoor record holder at 3:49.4, was tanned and fit, healthier than he has been in a year. Walker had to endure a lot lately in the way of flu and other unkind cuts. "I rang up my wife last night," he said on the day of the race, "and she reported that my horse is sick and my dog was shot for chasing sheep." Earlier, he'd been driven from his hotel room by fumes and noise from a fire at a restaurant across the street. All this was put aside, though, as he spoke of important things. "Eamon is ready for the world record," he said. "He has been running great times on bad tracks. He'll be under 3:52 here. Me? I think all these indoor tracks go round and round too long. On the right turns it feels like you're sprinting the whole way."

Harold Hudak of West Germany seemed the least imposing figure. A halo of fluffy curls bounced about his head, suggesting youthful unreadiness. Yet last summer he ran 3:31.96 in the 1,500 in which Steve Ovett set the world record of 3:31.36.

Coghlan's countryman Ray Flynn, the year's most consistent miler, went to the line dark-eyed and pale. This would be his ninth race of 1981. Tanzania's Filbert Bayi, once the outdoor mile and 1,500 record holder, seemed faintly amused as he awaited the gun. He'd won this race a year ago.

Scott stood in Lane 1, breathing deeply, resolute. Scott had been two seconds behind Coghlan in the Millrose mile but had set a world indoor record of 4:58.6 for 2,000 meters the next night in Louisville. This night he meant to spend the strength that longer race had revealed in the cause of blunting Coghlan's kick.

Strangely, Kane, the rabbit, was made to start from the outside and so had to sprint high around the pack on the first turn to seize the lead. Once he took it from Scott after 80 yards he was flying. Scott held second, and the pace quickly turned the field behind him to a single file of Flynn, Walker, Bayi and, in sixth place, Coghlan. That was farther back than Coghlan cared to be. After 300 yards he advanced to fourth.

Kane intended to run each 160-yard lap in 21 seconds, or about a 58-second 440 pace. Because of his fast start the quarter was 56.3, but Scott had allowed a gap of 10 yards to open and his time at that point was 58.6. Coghlan's was 58.8. Kane had a friend on the infield calling lap times, and for three more laps he

heard, "21 ... 21 ... 21." Both he and Coghlan had the same reaction.

"All I could think of was Jumbo [Elton] calling splits on the outdoor boards of Villanova, where we learned all this," said Kane. Thus inspired by his distinguished past, he was still eight yards ahead at the half, which he turned in 1:55.5. Scott's clock was 1:56.6, and Coghlan, now third, ran 1:56.7.

Then, instead of abruptly slowing, as rabbits almost always do, Kane drove steadily on, taken with a sudden ambition. "I thought of stealing this race," he said later, and the idea was clear on his face as he stretched his lead to 15 yards. "But then my legs and my cold brought me back down." The field caught him with four laps to go and, led by Scott, swept past.

By now the San Diego crowd, 11,542 strong, was up and screaming. "It was so loud you didn't really hear it anymore," said Scott. "But you couldn't resist it." He had a fixed purpose: to run so hard to the end that no man could possibly pass him. But within half a lap he was challenged by the rejuvenated Walker. Scott held Walker at his shoulder. At that point Scott's glowingly pregnant wife, Kim, shouted: "Keep him boxed Oh, keep him boxed!"—meaning Coghlan on the inside. Nearby, Coghlan's glowingly pregnant wife, Yvonne, sat composed, trusting.

As they approached the three-quarters, where the time was 2:55.4 for Scott and a record appeared certain, Walker drifted a foot or so too wide in one of the tight turns that so frustrate him, and to Kim Scott's horror, Coghlan shot through on the inside, taking second place. "It's hard to get by those big guys," he would say. "You have to take your opportunities where they come."

Coghlan needed position because he planned an early attack: "Steve had seen me sprint the last lap, or lap and a half at most, in our races this year. I figured going with two laps left would take him by surprise."

Scott didn't care when Coghlan tried



With two laps left, Coghlan surged by a surprised Scott

to pass. "I didn't think at world-record pace he'd be able to make a move I couldn't hold off," he said.

But Coghlan seems to harbor an ability to accelerate no matter what the pace. With teeth bared he tore around Scott and into the lead with two laps to go. Scott had to let him by but hung a bare yard behind. Now the question amid the heddlam was: Had Coghlan used too much, too soon?

"I'll get him back," thought Scott with a lap to go, and his blue eyes were wild, his face twisted with trying.

But Scott's effort was no match for Coghlan's gifts. Down the last backstretch Coghlan pulled away, sprinting without letup. "I hadn't heard the three-quarter time, but I knew from the crowd I was near the record," he said.

Near was hardly the word. Coghlan crossed the line in 3:50.6, having run his last quarter in 55.0. The time continued

cut two full seconds off his world mark, itself deeply respected by anyone who has run on an indoor track. In the process he passed 1,500 meters in 3:35.6, breaking Walker's world indoor record of 3:37.4. Thus, in 24 months Coghlan has reduced the mile record by a total of 4.3 seconds. His 3:50.6 is the fastest mile ever run in the U.S., indoors or out, breaking Jim Ryun's 3:51.1, done in 1967. It's the sixth-fastest run anywhere.

Scott finished in 3:51.8, also under the old world record and naturally an American record. As the cheers went on and on and Coghlan was embraced by Kane, Scott slowly walked the backstretch, unseeing. "You did everything you could possibly do," he was told. Scott didn't even turn. Later he said, "I thought 3:52 would win. I did do my best. I'm satisfied." But of course he wasn't.

As Coghlan took his second and third victory laps, Walker led the applause, which seemed to momentarily embarrass the freshman because this cheerleader of his had finished in 3:52.8. "It didn't feel that fast until the last two laps," said Walker. "I've learned what that last min-



In the first of their dash duels, Sanford (in burgundy singlet) nipped Floyd at the tape and



Sanford and Floyd are anxious only at race time

ute's insane noise of the crowd means here . . . it means the little sonofabitch is setting another world record."

Coghlan, cooled, startled the press by saying with an edge of seriousness that he was disappointed he had not got all he'd come for. "I already had the world record," he said. "So my goal for the season was 3:50. Maybe it was a bit farfetched." Maybe not. A luckier start, with less need to work for early position, and Coghlan might have saved enough to be six-tenths faster over the last 300. At any rate, he's back to being a pure miler after two years of training for the 5,000 meters. And he's back to dreaming "Outdoors," he said, "I can quite clearly see 3:48."

"Those milers," said one fascinated observer. "They train together, they take each other to dinner, they work as a group. Now sprinters, we tend to be cocky, maybe a little nervous, when there are two of us in the same room."

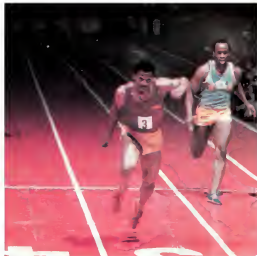
The speaker was James Sanford, the 1979 World Cup 100-meter champion, now redshirting at USC while waiting for the school to get off Pac-10 probation. His remark was pointed because also pacing the arena was Stanley Floyd, ranked No. 1 in the world last year at 100 meters, who was undefeated indoors this year and had broken Houston McTeer's 60-yard record by .01 with a time

of 6.04 in Dallas in January. Floyd has transferred from Auburn to Houston and must wait a year before being eligible for collegiate meets. Thus, the two best U.S. sprinters find themselves, as Sanford put it, "unattached, but not detached."

They would race twice, over 50 meters and then, half an hour later, at 60 yards. The metric race would be a chance to go for the supposedly soft world record of 5.61 set by East Germany's Manfred Kokot in 1973.

Floyd had beaten Sanford a week earlier in the Los Angeles Times meet, but Sanford was conceding nothing. "Last year in the 100, before I hurt my hamstring, I felt like I could accelerate at the 30-, the 60- and 80-meter marks. It was strange, weird, and real nice. I think I'm rounding back into that form."

There are uncommon parallels between Sanford and Floyd. Both ran outstanding quarter miles in high school (Sanford's best is 45.77, Floyd recalls a 45.7 in a relay), both stress the outdoor season over the indoor, and both are charmers. Sanford sweeps people up with a gum-cracking, good-natured energy; Floyd with almond eyes, eloquent gestures with exceptionally long-fingered hands (the types 60 words per minute) and a grace that belies his 19 years. "I feel no enmity toward James," he said



had the long-standing 50-meter record with a 5.81. Later he beat Floyd at 60 yards.

the morning of the meet. "People say we're archrivals. I think it's more like my followers in the East and his in the West have their differences. We don't."

Before the 50 meters they happened to take their warmup starts together, bolting away from the blocks so fast they seemed thrown by some invisible catapult. They walked back together.

"Hey, let's push each other forward," said Floyd.

"You bet," said Sanford.

"Get that record now."

"Hey, it's yours for the taking."

"Lord, we'll have to dead-heat."

They almost did. After they both came out low, Floyd had a slight edge through perhaps 30 meters. But Sanford came on to win by an inch or two, Floyd having felt a moment's twinge in his groin. The officials took a long time over the picture before announcing Sanford's time as 5.61, equal to the world record. Floyd ran 5.63.

Returning to the start, where the smoke of the gun still hung in the air, Floyd looked happier than Sanford, who seemed stunned. But Floyd's grin was one of clenched teeth. "What time is that 60?" he said.

"Started switching the gears like my old self," said Sanford. "I'm glad to be back."

"The way those men talk to each other," sighed Pat Connolly while her pupil, Evelyn Ashford, set her blocks for the women's 60-yard dash. "Listen to the women sprinters. No talk, just silent concentration."

It certainly was easy to pay attention to Ashford, clad in another of her clingy one-piece racing suits, this week's version being scarlet. Ashford herself attends the starter, who seemed to have

found a solution to the problem of false starts in the dashes by firing his gun as soon as he said "set."

"I teach the long European-style hold," said Connolly. "This guy will bother Evelyn."

It wasn't evident, as Ashford was off even with the field, taking wide splay-footed steps at first and then pulling away smoothly. "According to all the laws of physics you don't want that wide start," said Connolly. "But she has always done it."

Ashford's time was 6.68. "Felt like a warmup," she said calmly before being attacked with hugs by two old friends, hurdler Patty van Wolvelaere and pentathlete Cindy Gilbert. There were shrieks and exclamations over her new suit. "Of course, now they talk," said Connolly.

Minutes later, in the men's 60, Sanford achieved a dash double, finishing in 6.07 to Floyd's 6.10. "You know, Stanley's not going to let this bother him," said Sanford. "He's still the world's fastest human to me, until somebody beats him at a 100 outdoors. I feel like we've begun a friendship tonight that's going to do a lot for both of us."

"It will. It will," said Floyd. "Like I'm going to get training."

It was purely coincidence that as they departed they passed Tiny Kane reflecting upon his rabbit work. "If you're going to do a job for a friend," he was saying, "it's good to do it right." Coincidence, and real nice.

END

The starter's style didn't suit the speed-suited Ashford, but she still won the women's 60-yard dash.



MILLER TIME ON THE RIVIERA

Johnny Miller may have something brewing again after winning his second tournament of '81, the L.A. Open **by DAN JENKINS**



In the city where people talk in terms of Multi-Pik-Paks—Hollywood for multiple motion-picture deals—Johnny Miller strolled 18 holes on a golf course last Sunday and went from a Go Project to a Star Vehicle.

Which is to say that Miller won his second tournament of the still-new year, the Los Angeles Open, and proved himself most definitely back from wherever

he was during the winters and summers of his famous slump. Johnny Miller was once a Star Vehicle, but he fell on hard times and for a long while looked more like a supporting player in a series that had been canceled.

Winning the Tucson Open, the year's first tournament, was one thing for Miller, who used to burn up the desert in his glory days. But coming out on top in

Los Angeles was a whole different matter, not just because of the way he did it—by guttily fighting off a swarm of pursuers—but also because the L.A. Open featured the strongest field of the year, one that won't be equaled until the Tournament Players Championship in March.

Miller's victory boosted his earnings for the year to \$121,548, or \$391 more than Bruce Lietzke, the tour's other two-time winner. He did it by starting out in the heat of things, staying there and then out-golfing everybody on Sunday when it counted the most. He had an opening round 66 that left him one stroke off the pace and a 69 on Friday that put him two strokes back. His 67 on Saturday tied him for the lead with Ed Sneed and set the stage for his closing 68 on Sunday, which gave him the victory by two shots over Tom Weiskopf, an old adversary.

"It's a lot more meaningful to win a second time," Miller said afterward. "I hope it's an inspiration to other players."

For all his joy, Miller had difficulty concealing some bitterness over the fact that during his terrible three-year slump he was abandoned by his fans, the press and, perhaps most important of all, clothing and equipment manufacturers. "A lot of people had written me off," he said, "including a lot of companies. I can't forget that."

Miller chooses not to admit that severe shrinkage of the bank account may have had something to do with his comeback, with getting him to work hard on his golf game after success had come so easily and the financial rewards of the mid-70s had tended to make him lazy. And of course this may not have been the case, although in the past he had made statements hinting at it.

No, when golfers win there is always a technical explanation. There has to be; otherwise they can't put their names on instructional articles and books. Miller says he is technically a better player now than he ever was. "I used to hit it straight and go chase it," he said. "Now I can draw it and fade it. I didn't know how to do that before."

If Miller means to say that he won the 1973 U.S. Open and the 1976 British Open when he didn't know how to play golf, it will be surprising news to the USGA, the Royal & Ancient and all the people who watched him win 14 other tournaments during that span. Johnny Miller could play golf like hell, then he couldn't play at all, and now he can play

like hell again. To say there is nothing mental behind it is to say that nerves play an unimportant role in the most nerve-edged game of all. Major earthquakes could result from the things pro golfers hold inside of themselves.

In the vast amphitheater, the tumbling valley of eucalyptus trees that is the Riviera Country Club course, Miller went out Sunday in a final pairing with Sneed and Ben Crenshaw, a glamorous group indeed. Crenshaw was a stroke behind the two leaders, and it was tough to find anyone who thought the tournament would be decided elsewhere.

Miller and Crenshaw promptly birdied the 1st hole, but when Crenshaw just as promptly bogeyed the 2nd, Miller suddenly had a two-shot lead on him, a one-shot edge on Sneed and the kind of gassed-up start a golfer likes. Miller came back to the field with a bogey at 4, but lifted his spirits with a 15-foot putt to save a par at the 5th hole.

He was so uplifted, in fact, he birdied the 6th and 7th holes, the 6th by getting a good kick off his iron shot on this funky par-3 with a bunker in the middle of the putting surface. On 7 he simply rammed home a 10-foot putt. By this time Sneed had bogeyed his way out of contention; he would finish with a 75 and 277, tied for 13th.

Miller reached 14 under par—the record-breaking figure he eventually wound up with—and what appeared to be a lock on the \$54,000 first prize by staggering in a 40-foot birdie putt at the 14th hole. But he took a bogey at 15 and was in trouble again at 16, where his putter again saved him. He made a 12-footer for his par.

The various other contenders were reaching the clubhouse with totals that would only be good if Miller suffered a seizure. Weiskopf, playing just ahead of Miller, finished with a 68 that put him at 272—12 under par. This became the number Miller had to beat.

Miller knew that on the tee at 18, good old Cardiac Hill, Riviera's famed 454-yard par-4 up a long, steep slope to the clubhouse designed in Early Alhambra. Ahead by one stroke, he pounded his tee shot cruelly to within six-iron range of the green. Modern golf, Oldtimers cling to visions of Ben

Hogan jumping at a one-iron or a four-wood to get home on Cardiac Hill.

Needing only a par to win, Miller put his six-iron just off the fringe, only 16 feet from the cup. He may have been trying to lag his next shot; if so, he rapped the putt too hard. It went in for a closing birdie, and the thousands stacked around the green gave Miller the kind of ovation he used to hear so often.

The Los Angeles Open is among the oldest tournaments in professional golf and for years enjoyed the special status of being the first event of each new season. Now it is the final tour event on the West Coast. This year, with the Crosby having been an abbreviated washout, it was the first real test.

The gorgeous weather that prevailed all week and the superb condition of the Riviera course combined to make scoring easy, and this is always like opening floodgates. There are so many talented players on the tour that if the rough is quiet, the greens hold and the putts roll true and not too speedily, the scoreboard bleeds. For example, after three days Jack

Nicklaus had shot rounds of 71, 70 and 67, but wasn't gaining any ground on the leaders. After Thursday, he decided he'd better work on his game. He asked his caddy, Angelo Argea, to please remind him of two things: "Before I hit a chip shot, tell me to keep my head down. Before I hit a driver, remind me to take it back low."

At the first tee on Friday, Nicklaus teed up and wagged his club. He looked over at Angelo and said, "Anything you want to tell me, Angie?"

Angelo looked puzzled for a second and then said, "Yeah, hat it straight, Boss."

Nicklaus smiled and settled into a week of coptering up and down the coast to look at land and sitting around the lounge at his hotel to speak of the athletic prowess of his sons. He finished at 278—six under—and tied with Tom Watson for 15th.

The tournament began with more than half the field shooting par or better; 74 of the 144 players came in at 71 or less the first day. For a while, it seemed that half of them would be tied for the lead with a six-under 66, but Gil Morgan, a late starter, put up a 65.

Friday was when Miller Barber emerged as the leader as he trudged off the 18th with a 67 to go along with his 66 of Thursday. His total of 133 put him one stroke ahead of Morgan and two ahead of Miller. Weiskopf shot a 65 that day to creep into contention, but no one gave it much thought.

Miller assumed the lead on Saturday but he had to share it with Sneed, whose 64 equaled the course record. Sneed holed so many putts on Saturday he might have suspected that none would drop on Sunday. He was right.

They did drop for Miller. After Saturday he had said, "I've been on cruise control today. I haven't really been concentrating. Every day's been a surprise for me so far this year. But I have a lot of confidence now. Not as much as I used to have, but I'll be aggressive. Nobody's going to be more aggressive than I am."

And so Miller reached Cardiac Hill needing a par to win and all he did was make a birdie. That ought to be aggressive enough for Hollywood.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER READ MILLER



Barber, who turns 50 on March 31, finished in a tie for third

J.R.'S PLEDGE: I'M GOING TO RETURN

After a stroke, two operations and a long winter of recuperation, J.R. Richard of the Astros is on the road to recovery

by WILLIAM NACK

Seven stories above the light brown sands of Cocoa Beach, Fla., from the balcony of his rented condominium, J.R. Richard observed in cheerful silence the performers below. While the sea did running somersaults onto the beach, a gull flew along the surf, nibbling here and there like a diner at an endless buffet. "Beautiful, isn't it?" Richard, the Houston Astros' \$800,000-per-year righthanded pitcher, said quietly. Directly beneath him, a child sat alone, building a castle out of sand.

"Look at that," Richard said. From the south, a committee of eight pelicans was flying single file about a foot above the water. With their gray feathers and their bills tucked in, they looked very earnest and grave, like management's negotiators leaving a meeting with Marvin Miller. Richard saw the pelicans coming and smiled as they passed by.

"That's the beach patrol," he said. "That's all they do all day—patrol the shoreline for live mullet and shrimp. Some spring mullet came by here yesterday morning and there were pelicans all over the place. They have good instincts, better than we have. They want to do something, they do it; if they don't, they don't. They mind their own business and live from day to day. They have it made. Look at them out there, flying low. This is a good place to stay. Peace and quiet here. It's a good place to talk. Nobody bothers you. I like this. You're at peace with yourself, just being yourself. That's what I want to be. Just myself. And show people I am what I am."

The pelicans cruised out of sight, the child disappeared, and Richard leaned over the balcony railing, his chin in the palm of his hand. "I know I'll come back," he said. "I know that for sure. Everybody's waiting, as I'm waiting, on the future. Waiting on time. Time will tell.



Pleased with his progress, Richard was nothing but smiles following his first spring training workout

It's going to shock some people when I come back. When they see me as I am now, they're really going to be amazed. They're expecting to see me on crutches, but I won't be on crutches. And when they see me pitch, they're going to be shocked off their feet. They won't believe it. You watch and see what I'm telling you now."

Richard said that last Friday afternoon. He had just finished three quarters of a slab of barbecued spareribs and a glass of Moët et Chandon champagne. Now he was waiting for tomorrow, the first day of spring training. Richard vows

that beginning this year he will take spring training like the pelicans: one day at a time, while minding his own business and flying low and at his own speed. On this day, knowing where he has been and where he's going, 30-year-old James Rodney Richard was at peace with himself and the world around him.

Seven months have passed since the morning of July 30 at the Houston Astrodome when Richard suffered a massive, almost fatal stroke that 1) virtually paralyzed the left side of his body, leaving him barely able to move or speak, 2) necessitated a life-saving operation during

which a team of doctors removed from the carotid and subclavian arteries above his right collarbone part of a clot that was obstructing the flow of blood to his brain; 3) left just about everyone convinced that he would never pitch again; and 4) led to a second operation, 18 hours long, in which surgeons bypassed the clogged artery in his pitching shoulder so that a comeback might be possible.

And possible it is. No one is naming a specific date for Richard's return to competition, but there is reason to believe he has set out on a road that will lead him there this year. He has already exceeded the expectations of those overseeing his recovery. "I didn't think he'd be this far," says Dr. William Fields, Richards' personal physician and the chairman of the Department of Neurology at the University of Texas Medical School at Houston. "I wouldn't want to make a prediction, but I have the feeling that he's going to make it all the way. I can't give you a timetable, but he's progressing steadily." Feeling in Richard's left side has returned to normal, Fields says, and J.R. has regained more than 95% of his strength and his entire field of vision.

"I'm not worried," Richard says. "I know I'm going to be fine. I don't know when, but everything's going to be fine. I know that. I know that. I think my chances of being as effective as before are excellent. I have faith. I have confidence in myself. I keep telling myself, 'Don't be in too big a hurry. Keep learning. Don't forget anything. Over a period of time it will turn out all right.'"

Richard's optimism is drawn from his personal experience. Six months ago, having regained consciousness and found himself lying flat on his back at Methodist Hospital in Houston, he was uncertain of where he was and unsure of what had happened to him. It was two full weeks after the stroke, he says, before he understood that he was in Houston. "I didn't know where in the world I was," he says. "I kind of had an idea what had happened, but I wasn't sure. I sort of figured it out for myself. And then some people told me. I was thanking God I was alive. I was so glad to be alive it was unreal."

When Richard arrived in Florida last week, there was little evidence that he

had ever suffered a stroke. Not only had he regained feeling in his left side, but he also was speaking clearly and articulately and was moving about without so much as a limp. Only when he attempted to do exercises or movements on the mound—ones that especially required good reflexes and coordination—was there any clue that Richard wasn't entirely well.

Regardless, he had come a very long way to get from Houston in July to Cocoa in February. And the changes he had undergone hadn't been entirely physical. He

senses that the experience has enriched his spirit—sharpened his perspective on things by confronting him with intimations of his mortality and teaching him about himself and others. "It made me see myself better," Richard says. "It made me understand people better. I look at things from a different angle now. I comprehend life better. You learn to trust people more than you did before. You just can't live by yourself. When you're sick it's like you're stepping into a different world altogether. People cheering me up, bringing me things. People glad

continued

Richard cannot face a batter until improved depth perception lets him field his position properly.



to see me alive, glad to see me happy. It's a different world. What happened to me was a learning experience."

Richard vividly remembers the weeks leading up to the stroke, when he suffered from a "dead" and "tired" pitching arm, and he remembers many fans questioning him, the media suggesting he was a quitter. "They didn't accept me for what I was," he says. "They found out I knew myself better than they did. But it's all history. I'm not bitter about it. Not at all." He recalls the last game he pitched for the Astros, on July 14 against Atlanta, and how he had to strain to see the catcher's signs and couldn't focus his eyes.

Richard also remembers playing catch with former teammate Wilbur Howard in the Astrodome on July 30 and suddenly losing his balance and falling to his hands and knees, his ears ringing, and Wilbur saying, "Jay, are you all right?" He remembers the siren and being lifted into the ambulance and attendants putting cold towels on his head. "I remember all that," he says. "I remember everything just like it happened yesterday." He remembers everything, in fact, except how depressed he was after going home from the hospital on Sept. 12. "Very depressed, he was an old young man," says Tom Reich, Richard's lawyer and a

longtime friend. "He moped around; he'd sit around the house and then leave for hours at a time, just driving around by himself and staring into space. He was a recluse."

What snapped Richard out of it, Reich says, was the news that a second bout of surgery—one that would restore normal circulation to his pitching arm—might make it possible for him to return to full strength. Doctors in Houston had advised against further surgery, but Reich was encouraged after discussing the procedure with Dr. Edwin Wylie in San Francisco. "I came back after talking to Dr. Wylie and told J.R. what was available," Reich says. "His whole spirit lifted. He said, 'Let's go.'" So they went. On Oct. 14, the day after the Phillies beat Houston for the National League pennant, Wylie and Dr. Ronald Stoney performed what Reich now calls the "Hall of Fame" operation.

The surgeons removed two four-inch segments of artery from Richard's lower abdomen, spliced them together and transplanted the eight-inch vessel in Richard's right shoulder, where it bypassed the partially clotted and useless subclavian artery as the main source of blood flowing to the arm. The operation lasted 18 hours, an unusually long time, but Richard recovered quickly and was

released from the University of California Medical Center 11 days later. Sensing that he was coming back, that he would pitch again, he diligently worked at his convalescence. He did jaw exercises, which included chewing gum, until he regained strength and tone in the muscles on the left side of his face. His speech became normal. Sit-ups, push-ups and lifting weights developed his body strength. He started jogging four miles a day. He took whirlpool baths, got rub-downs and shot baskets in a Houston gym. "That was to help my coordination and my visual perception," he says. "I loved it." And after the new year began, he started to throw the baseball.

The regimen obviously agreed with him. The man who showed up in Cocoa last week came ready to work—40 try to return, sometime in 1981, to where he left off. And, remember, when Richard last pitched he was masterful; in little more than half a season in 1980 he had a 10-4 record with a 1.89 ERA and 119 strikeouts. What he wants to do, more than anything, is to put the dark memories behind him. "Certain things I can't change," he says. "They're going to happen. When it comes autumn, the leaves will turn brown. Only when it's dark enough can you see the stars. So I'm not really worried. I accept it; I understand it. It happened; it's life. The best thing I can do is go forward, keep going forward. Tomorrow wasn't promised to me—only today."

For now, at least, he must continue working to bring his body into tone and trim. Richard weighs 240 pounds when he's in shape, but he arrived in Florida at about 260. He has had the last of spare ribs and champagne for a while. He intends to concentrate on drills and exercises that will hone his reflexes, sharpen his skills. The stroke impaired those and his coordination, too. "The more I do, the better I come back," he says. "The running wasn't difficult at all. Just my left side was a little weak. It's not back yet—it's still a little weak—but it's coming. I can feel it."

The most troubling of Richard's problems has been his inability to make spatial perceptions. According to Dr. Fields, the right side of Richard's brain, the side damaged by the stroke, governs his ability to perceive the location and speed of objects moving through space—including a baseball coming in his direction. Richard has had trouble picking up ob-

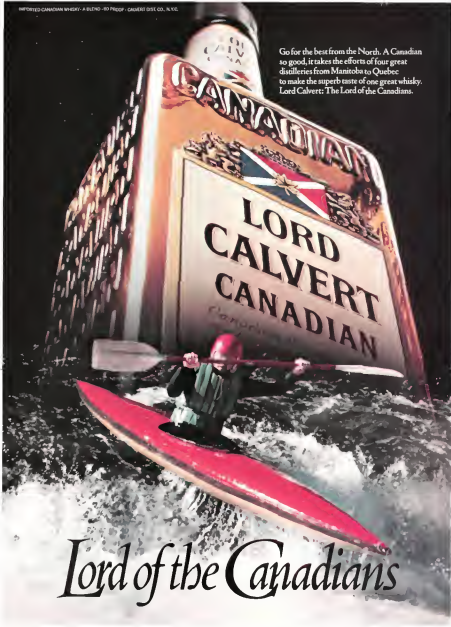
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With 20 pounds to work off, Richard won't be drinking champagne or eating spare ribs very often



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jects in the left half of his field of vision, the doctor says, and at times has had to catch a ball with both hands.

"If I pick up the ball right from the catcher's hand, I don't have any problems," Richard says. "But if I don't see it right away, it's hard to find. It's like trying to find a ghost."

Without total recovery, Richard can never pitch again, for what kind of chance would he have fielding a line drive smashed back at him up the middle. "It doesn't bother me," Richard says. "Over a period of time it will come back. I know it will."

He also must recapture his natural agility, coordination and reflexes, Reich says, and learn once again the patterns of movement common to pitchers—such as the move to first base and fielding bunts—and learn how to throw his three basic pitches, the slider especially. "I know how to throw the slider. I know how to throw my changeup, my fastball and everything," Richard says. "But I have to redo all that, relearn all that, to make them as effective as I want them to be. Right now my arm actually feels better than it has ever felt."

In fact, says Reich, the condition of Richard's pitching arm is the least concern of all. When Wylie and Stoney operated, Reich says, one reason they took so long was because "They were so meticulous about not cutting more than they had to." Reich says the reason the subclavian artery was bypassed was to avoid severing any of the main muscles used in the pitching motion. "So his pitching arm is ahead of the rest of him in progress," says Reich. "We're not being governed by the baseball calendar." Richard governs Richard.

Given where he had been six months before, what he had gone through to get from then to now, Richard was a source of wonder at the first day of spring training at the Astros' camp. On Saturday, a bright blue morning at Cocoa, he put on a Houston uniform for the first time since his stroke and strolled to the mound on one of the practice fields. Reporters watched him curiously, and cameras followed him closely. Thus, another step in the rehabilitation of J.R. Richard began. "I wasn't uncomfortable at all," he said.

But clearly he was tense. Richard spent about 15 minutes fielding grounders for Gene Coleman, the Astros' director of physical conditioning and the man in charge of his retraining program. The re-

porters and visitors watched silently, almost in embarrassment, as the workout began. Richard misplayed the first four grounders hit to him, completely missing the first two, picking up the third but overthrowing first and then kicking the fourth. He looked awkward and tentative coming off the mound and bending over. But gradually he settled down; eventually he found a rhythm. He ended the drill by scooping up balls left and right and pegging them hard to all three bases.

It was the pitching that most strongly suggested the Richard of old. Coleman had him throw a few minutes to Tom Vessey, a 25-year-old minor league catcher, and there were moments when J.R. stirred memories. He began stiffly, but he loosened up after the first dozen pitches, and one could hear the fastball popping. His motion got more and more fluid as he went along; it was the real J.R.—left leg raised high and kicking, the ball snapping out of his hand. A few rising fastballs jumped five or six inches. Al Rosen, the new Astro general manager, who is recovering from a bypass heart operation, stood by the batting cage and watched. "He has strength coming down on his left side," Rosen said. "It's not collapsing on him." Rosen figured Richard was bringing in the fastball at more than 80 mph. Vessey thought a couple were closer to 90. In the end, Richard smiled as he left the mound and walked to the third base line.

"Hey, you were popping them pretty good," Rosen said. "Pretty good."

"Thank you," Richard said. "I felt fine. Super."

All he needs is time, he says. He is determined to pitch in the big leagues again. Were he to make it back, it would be hard to imagine a sports story more poignant or dramatic. The last few months have made him too much of a realist to dismiss any possibility. He says he can accept the idea that he may never again pitch as well as he once did.

"I know it's possible," he says. "It wouldn't be the end of the world. I'm going to keep living if I'm not able to pitch again. I can do other things. I can think for myself, I can read, I can write, I can talk, I can see, I can feel, I can laugh, I can joke, I can do everything that everybody else can do. The only thing that bothers me is this: I jumped off the couch yesterday and found I couldn't fly."

END

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Henry Bibby, Jim Bibby's little brother, the 6' 1", 179-pound veteran NBA guard, steps into the batter's box. He surveys the ball field, eyes the opposition. It's late August, just before the start of basketball training camp, and Bibby is playing for the 76ers in a benefit softball game at Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium. He steps back. Slowly, he raises his bat until the fat end pouns at the centerfield wall. Babe Ruth, they say, once made a similar gesture.

Bibby takes the first pitch, a ball. The second is down the middle, and he swings, stroking a liner into right center, not far from where he had pointed. The ball skips between two outfielders, and Henry Bibby, crafty, tough, as unlikely a nine-year NBA man as there has ever been, wheels around the bases.

another, even in the other's sport? ("Henry knows he can't score buckets on me," says Jim. "I think with a couple days practice I could hit some home runs," says Henry.) But they are inextricably bound together, more or less forever. Doszoevski covered this ground a century ago in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Henry and Jim Bibby, ages 31 and 36, respectively, are brothers from a sisterless family. There is a third sibling, Fred, 38. A fine athlete himself, Fred was one leg of a fraternal triangle back on the Bibby family's farm near Franklin, N.C. (pop. 870). To understand the parts they

teacher in Richmond. "I take magazines just to keep up with their careers, and they always call me to talk about their athletic problems. But back on the farm we were all different. In a way, Henry was more like me, more aggressive, more into hustling around. Jim would always drag along, taking it easy. Jim picked on Henry. I protected Henry. And Henry cried. But in the end, really, all three of us could get the job done."

What's remarkable about Jim and Henry is that at advanced ages (Jim is

HE'S NOT HOT STUFF, HE'S MY BROTHER

The Bibby boys, little Henry of the NBA Clippers and big Jim of the baseball Pirates, are notables, though not to one another *by RICK TELANDER*

Jim Bibby, Henry Bibby's older brother, the 6' 5", 250-pound star pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates, shakes the sweat from his shooting hand. He dribbles the basketball twice, then glares at the rim, which is about 25 feet away. He is standing by himself in late summer on an asphalt court near his townhouse in Pittsburgh.

"Bibby's alone," he says. "Bibby fires." The ball arcs, spins around the iron ring and falls out.

After charging in and grabbing the rebound, he pivots and leaps into the air. With both hands gripping the ball, Jim Bibby, the veteran right-hander who will finish the season at 19-6, his best major league record ever, jams the ball viciously through the hoop.

What can you say about brothers? That they're alike yet dissimilar? That they can never stop fighting, competing with one

played, here's a true-life boyhood scene:

It's a hot summer day, circa 1960. Jim is standing on the dusty court behind the farmhouse, aimlessly bouncing Henry's basketball off the white wooden backboard their father, Charlie Bibby, has erected for his sons. Henry is begging Jim for his ball. Henry leaps again and again but is too short to reach it. Hearing the commotion, Fred appears and demands that Jim give Henry his ball. An argument ensues. Jim and Fred begin to fight. The two larger brothers tumble into the house. Mrs. Bibby gets quickly out of the way. They each weigh more than 200 pounds, and during the tussle a bed collapses, a door is ripped from its hinges. Little Henry begins to cry. Angry as he is with Jim and thankful as he is to Fred, he can't stand the prospect of seeing either of his brothers hurt.

"I'm very proud of my brothers," says Fred Bibby, now a high school phys ed

the 31st-oldest player in major league baseball; Henry is the 33rd-oldest player in the NBA) and without great tools (Jim has been told that he's far too muscular to be a pitcher; Henry has been described by 76er Coach Billy Cunningham as "lacking in size, speed and jumping ability"), they are still getting the job done. Jim, in fact, has improved steadily throughout his career and has now become, as Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner says, "the ace of my staff, one of the most dominant pitchers in the league."

Jim's won-loss percentage (.760) was the best in the National League last season, and his two-year percentage of .756 (31 wins and 10 losses) is the best in the majors over that stretch. He pitched a scoreless inning in the 1980 All-Star Game, and his record since 1976 is 64-37, compared to 36-49 for his first four big league seasons. Last year, until he suffered a case of the wilds in late Au-

continued



gust and early September, losing three games and getting no decision in another, he was a leading candidate for the league's Cy Young Award.

Henry, on the other hand, started his athletic career fast and has been hanging on ever since. At UCLA he was a two-time All-America and played on NCAA championship teams in each of his three varsity seasons, 1969-72. While big Jim was laboring in Tidewater of the International League and recovering from back surgery, little Henry, by far the smallest of the Bibby brothers—Fred goes 6' 4", 230—was in dreamland 3,000 miles from home, passing to Wicks and Wilkes and Walton, quarterbacking the Bruins to 87 wins in 90 games.

The pros, however, weren't impressed. Henry was drafted in the fourth round, by the Knicks, an embarrassment for a first-team All-America. In the NBA he looked old-fashioned, slow, out of place. He still does. Indeed, Henry is one of the few players in the league with an authentic set shot, Earl Monroe, who played with Henry on the Knicks, recalls that it was fundamentals and "game knowledge" that got Henry into the pros. "You used to see that from guys who went to UCLA and learned to play the game under John Wooden," says Monroe. "Someday they'll have to bring players like him back in and teach the game again. Players like Henry are dying out."

Henry scraped through 2½ seasons with New York, riding the bench for the 1973 NBA champions, before being dealt to New Orleans. After a year and a half there, he was sold by the Jazz, and it appeared his career was coming to an end. But the 76ers salvaged him and, in an unexpected show of confidence, made him a starting guard.

For four seasons Henry was a small pillar of sanity on the NBA's most flummoyant team, a paragon of discipline among Dunkin' Doctors, All-World digitaries and Chocolate Archdukes of Funkdom. But during the 1979-80 season Henry was dropped to third guard behind Lionel Hollins and Maurice Cheeks. When the 76ers picked two big backcourtmen, Andrew Toney and Clyde Austin, in the first two rounds of the 1980 draft, Henry knew his days were numbered, even though his 9.0 scoring average in 1979-80 was the same as his career mark and his three-point field-goal shooting—21.2% regular season, 38.5% during playoffs—had led the team.

"It has never been easy for Henry in pro ball," said Cunningham at the start of this season. "And it's never going to be. I'll tell you what he is, though. He's a survivor." As if to test that notion, Cunningham cut Bibby a few days later.

This time it seemed Henry was really through. But he soon signed with the San Diego Clippers. He had literally sold himself, over the phone, to Coach Paul Silas, a man Henry had once called "the dirtiest player in the NBA." "He got me with his confidence and attitude," says Silas. "You'd think those things would be commonplace in this league, but they're not."

Henry moved to San Diego's Nightlight Inn while his wife, Virginia, and two sons, Henry, 6, and Mike, 2, plus Virginia's son Dane, 12, by her first marriage, remained in the Bibbys' permanent residence in Phoenix. That's what it has come down to now for Henry: living out of suitcases, hustling, scrounging, raking pay cuts, hanging in there. "I play for financial reasons," says Henry. "For five or six years it's been that way. It's a job. It's not fun."

Henry was a smart baseball

Big Bad Jim still plays keep-away from little Henry, who thinks Jim's sport is the soft life

player and a top student at Person Albion High in Franklinton. His former baseball coach, James Foster, feels Henry could've been a major-leaguer—he had all the tools: arm, glove, stick—but Henry didn't like the game. It was too static, too easygoing, too boring. "I finally gave him the key to the gym so he could play basketball all the time," says Foster, now the athletic director at Franklinton High.

Jim disliked basketball but was forced to play because, says Foster, he was the "biggest thing in town." Jim eventually followed Fred to Fayetteville (N.C.) State on a basketball scholarship. "Fred was a star on the team and he got Jim the scholarship," explains Henry. "Jim was a hot dog, the 11th man. He'd get in a game, look up in the stands, score two points and think it was a big deal."

What Jim loved was baseball—the easy pace, the camaraderie, the fact that he could throw a fastball through a tree

"He could bring that thing," says Foster. "I remember a night game up in Henderson. Jim was pitching and the lights were kind of bad. Maybe he was a little wild. The kids on the other team were scared to death of his fastball. I kept telling Jim to throw fastballs, but the catcher, Joe Mack Holden, kept calling for curves. Finally, I called time and asked Joe Mack what was going on 'Coach,' he said. 'I can't see his fastball.'"



Had Henry started this season on schedule, he would've played in his 327th consecutive game in the opener, the fifth-longest streak among active NBA players. Now, after missing the first seven games while cementing the San Diego deal, Henry has extended his unofficial streak—minus those seven—to 381, a remarkable feat considering his size and his age.

But Bibby brothers are durable and tough. Jim has been throwing heaters since he was a boy without ever experiencing arm trouble. His only serious injury occurred in 1970 when he was with Tidewater, a Mess' farm club. His back, weakened by a congenital bone spur, gave out one day as he was covering first base. An operation fused his first and second vertebrae. He was given a 50-50 chance of playing again. Jim was back with Tidewater the next year, going 15-6 with 150 strikeouts. His back hasn't bothered him since.

The first thing that strikes one about Jim Bibby is his size. Actually, not his size so much as the arrangement of it. When fans talk about big pitchers, they usually mean pear-shaped waddlers of the Mickey Lolich-Rick Reuschel ilk. But Jim is big like a weightlifter, like a defensive tackle, like another Pittsburgh athlete, Joe Greene of the Steelers, whom he knows and for whom he is occasionally mistaken. Jim's biceps are huge, his chest is deep, his thighs bulge. Harvey Haddix, a Pirate coach who is 5'9" and a former star pitcher, cannot recall another big league pitcher built like Jim. "In the old days they didn't even have men that size," says Haddix.

The Bibbys have tall parents—Charlie is 6'1", his wife, Evelyn, is 5'9"—which accounts for the sons' height. The boys were made to work hard on the farm, which increased their strength. And the children's bulk, at least in the cases of Fred and Jim, can be attributed to their eating, which Henry was no slouch at, either. Says Charlie, now 62, a gaunt, droll man with a long nose and sad eyes, "If you know anything about hogs, you know how they push away the smaller ones at feeding time. That's what my sons did to me." When little Henry first went to UCLA, he lived with a white family in Westwood. He'd never been west of North Carolina before, and his knowledge of white people was "the Ku Klux Klan and people who poured oil in wells after integration," but what stunned him

the most about his hosts was how little they ate. "Right after breakfast I had to sneak off to a restaurant and eat again," he says. Henry has since cut back on his intake, as has Fred, but Jim still packs it in. "Jim's the only guy I've ever known who has to have two plates in front of him," says Fred. "One for meat, one for greens. He swears like the devil when he eats, too."

It has taken Jim all these years to learn

to control his great bulk and make the parts, as Haddix says, "work in unison with each other." Even Jim's hands are enormous; last season he held eight baseballs in his right hand at once, palm down, breaking the unofficial major league record shared by Sandy Koufax and Johnny Bench.

From the beginning Jim had stuff, but as he points out, "I just threw one fast-ball after another and I was all-

continued



In the swim with Jim in a Pittsburgh pool are wife Jackie and daughters Tanya (left) and Tamara Hooge at Henry's are all wet for wife Virginia and (from left) Henry, 6, Mike, 2, and Dana, 12



ways wild." In his first season in the minors, with the Mets' rookie league farm at Marion, Va., he hung around some with Nolan Ryan, another flamethrowing novice. "It was 1965, and neither one of us knew a damn thing about baseball," says Jim. "We were both ungodly wild." Jim pitched in 13 games that season and finished with an 11.25 ERA.

After a stint in Vietnam, Jim rejoined the Mets system in 1968 and began slowly working his way upward, with a year off to recuperate from the back surgery. In 1971, the same year Henry won his second NCAA championship, the Mets called Jim up briefly. He sat in the bullpen at Shea Stadium, eager and scared, but didn't play.

In 1972, after 7½ years as Mets property but without having thrown a single major league pitch, Jim was traded to St. Louis. He was nearly 28. He got his first start in St. Louis on Labor Day, 1972, in the second game of a double-header against the Expos. He won 8-7, while Bob Gibson, who pitched the opener, lost 1-0. It made Jim think that anything could happen in baseball.

In 1973 Jim started to get wild again, and the Cardinals traded him to the Texas Rangers. On July 30 of that year, throwing "the hardest I ever threw," Jim pitched a no-hitter against the Oakland A's. He threw just five breaking balls all night, relying instead on "smoke, heat, gas." Reggie Jackson came up to Jim later and said that he thought he had thrown faster in that game than anyone else could. But the control came and went,

and when it was gone, Jim was terrible.

"It's very hard for a big man to be coordinated," says Haddix. "Jim was never in control of himself. In 1974 he won 19 games and lost 19. That's incredible. You know that kind of record comes from not throwing strikes. But for someone like Jim, with hands that size . . . well, it's like you or me trying to throw a golf ball accurately."

In 1975 Texas traded Jim to Cleveland, where Haddix was then the pitching coach. Haddix saw immediately that Jim's "delivery was gone," and together the two men worked to regain it. By 1976 Jim could finally get a curveball over the plate. He then began work on a slider and a changeup, pitches that would keep hitters from waiting for his fastball. In 1978 Jim came to the Pirates as a free agent, with Haddix following the next year. They still work constantly on Jim's form—keeping his kick smooth, his body straight, his follow-through complete. "If he hadn't wanted it real bad," sums up Haddix, "he'd have been a goner. You don't hang on in the big leagues because you look good in uniform."

Last November, when it was announced that Jim had finished third in the 1980 Cy Young Award voting, both Henry and Fred Bibby called to congratulate him. The oldest and youngest Bibby brothers would love to see Jim win all the awards there are, to become a household name, a media superstar. "He could handle it," says Fred. "He's carefree, he likes excitement, he thinks he's good-looking. It would be good for him."



Attitude not altitude keeps Henry in the pros

In fact, Jim is doing quite well without much recognition. He recently got a degree in physics from Lynchburg (Va.) College, and he has money safely tucked away. Everything is in order, and it has reinforced his easy vision of life.

One day last fall in the Pirates' locker room, Jim was sitting next to Pitcher John Candelaria, who was telling Jim that his second divorce proceeding looked like it was going to turn out O.K. Jim said that was good. Candelaria said, yeah, it was good. The only thing was, he'd lost a wife he didn't want to lose.

"Why don't you find somebody you

Jim can hold a major league "record" eight baseballs at once, but until he got a grip on his delivery he had trouble putting one at a time over the plate



like and just take it easy?" Bibby asked with sincerity rare for the locker room.

Candelaria shrugged. "How can I, when I don't like myself?"

That statement bothered Jim. "I don't understand that," he said later. "How can you not be happy with yourself?"

It's near the end of the 1980 baseball season, and Henry Bibby is in an airplane on his way to Pittsburgh. Because of their conflicting schedules and the distance between their homes—Jim, his wife, Jackie, and their daughters, Tanya, 9, and Tamara, 4, make their permanent residence in Madison Heights, Va.—Henry and Jim rarely see each other now. Nonetheless, Henry feels their relationship is a good one, even though it has its sore spots. Henry remembers the boyhood injustices—Jim held him down and choked him; Jim wouldn't let him play games with the older boys; Jim took Henry's miniature bows and arrows, which he had made, and broke them to bits.

"He was a mischievous kid," says Henry. "I was happy-go-lucky and lazy, and he was always wrecking Dad's stuff. And he'd do strange things, like the day he dipped a glove in silver paint and painted my brother's brand new bike."

"I've never been one to get revenge, but one time I took some scissors and cut up a big roll of roofing sheets. When Dad came home, he was mad as hell. I told him Jim did it. He knew it had to be Jim because of the kind of kid Jim was. And then Dad beat Jim half to death. Jim walked by me and said, 'I'm going to get you. I'm never going to let you play basketball again. Ever.'"

Henry's attention drifts off for a moment. "Thank God for Fred," he continues. "He was a more likable guy."

Jim, as belies an older brother, doesn't recall the past as vividly. Henry, he feels, has heightened the drama because of his "runt" perspective. Jim even feels his attitude toward his brother has benefited Henry's career. "You see that three-point shot Henry puts up? That's the same shot he learned in our backyard. He had to shoot from out there because if he came inside he got no pity."

When Henry's plane lands, Jim is waiting at the gate. "When I grow up, I'm going to be a ball park," he says, taking Henry's basketball and slam-dunking it through the airport.

Henry can be outgoing and fast with lines, but with Jim he's reserved. He lis-

tens as Jim talks baseball. At one point Henry asks, in all seriousness, if Rod Carew and George Brett are on the same team. For a moment Jim looks as though he is considering a wisecrack. But he merely says that Brett plays for the Royals, Carew for the Angels. Twenty years ago he never would have been that tolerant.

Upon reaching Jim's townhouse, Henry greets the family, and then he and Jim begin kidding each other about the old days on the farm.

"I always got the whipping for them," Jim says, pointing at Henry and including Fred in absentia. "My parents wouldn't even give me a BB gun."

"They knew you'd shoot somebody," Henry says. "But they gave you one anyway."

"Yeah, when I was 20."

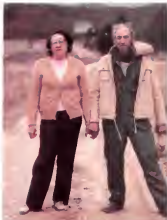
"What was the first thing you did with it? You shot Fred."

"Twenty years old," says Jim. "And I wanted it when I was a kid."

The brothers walk out to the basketball court and play HORSE and one-on-one. Jim is a good shooter and beats Henry at most of the shooting games. When they play one-on-one, however, Jim cheats openly, yelling "Foul!" and "Out of bounds!" and "My ball!" at random. When Henry drives, Jim bear-hugs him, lifts him up and takes the ball.

Later, Jim takes Henry to Three Rivers Stadium and into the Pirates' locker room. It has been said that the Pirates have the wildest locker room in sports. Today, even though the team has just

Fred was Henry's protector. Jim's persecutor.



The Bibby boys scared Mom and starved Dad.

dropped two straight to Atlanta and fallen into second place behind Montreal, the place is alive with yelling, bad jokes, swearing and loud music. Jim fits in nicely, giving and taking insults with the best.

Henry is somewhat afraid. "I don't think many basketball coaches would like this," he tells Jim when they're outside.

During batting practice Jim and Henry sit in the stands near the Pirate dug-out and chat about Jim's game. There's an easiness to it all—the afternoon sun beaming down, the crack of bats in the empty stadium. Jim and Henry seem to be proud to be in each other's company. For years Henry got most of the sports glory. "Really?" people would say. "Henry has an older brother in baseball?" Now it seems Jim will be getting more attention; sometime soon he may be getting all of it. The brothers have different personalities, each suited to his game. They are different people—they have come to know that—and it makes things easy.

Henry has to catch a plane, and Jim walks him back through the cacophonous locker room, through the halls and out to the sidewalk that encircles the stadium. He and Henry say goodbye, thank each other and promise to stay in touch. There are no hugs, no theatrics.

On the way to the airport Henry slouches down in the seat of his cab. The trace of a smile stays on his face. After a while he looks up at the ceiling. "That was good, seeing Jim," he says. "I kind of didn't want to leave."

END

IS THERE LIFE AFTER HOT-RODDING?

Once the template of the Sh-boom generation and the man who set more than 400 speed records, Mickey Thompson, 52, rolls on—and often over

by BOB OTTUM

It has been more than 12 years since Mickey Thompson's Great Bonneville Go-Round. That's when Challenger III went spinning out of control at 441 mph on Utah's salt flats, teetering crazily, its mighty engines roaring, the instrument needles bouncing on their pegs. The two brake parachutes were sent blossoming out behind, and still the car spun. And then, in mid-swoop, everything inside the cockpit went dark. Peering out, Thompson decided that it must be raining out there; how odd, as if the car had somehow been twirled into a weird new world. "Hoo boy," he said. And then he turned to prayer: "Uhh, Lord? Yes, I know it's me again. But listen, this time I'm really serious. I promise, if you'll just let me out of this here car alive, I swear I'll never, ever get back into it."

Well, fair enough. Thompson did get out unscathed, and to this day he hasn't gotten back into that car since it miraculously swirled to a safe stop in a rain squall on that autumn morning in 1968. Thompson has been in and out of a lot of other race cars, but not that one. That's his style: one crisis at a time; never promise what you don't think you can deliver. And now, on a raw wintry day in the California outback, he sits inside the tubular cocoon of his new monster desert car and flashes that familiar old grin.

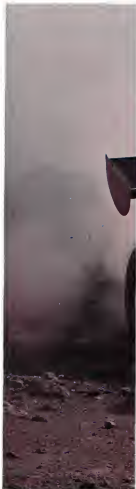
"This is my last year," he says. "No, really. I mean: if I win the championship this time, I promise I'll quit racing and go on to something else."

He looks contentedly at the gauges and dials and switches in the cockpit. It's an old routine he's going through, one of the most familiar in racing, and perhaps it's the desert light but one can almost

see the years falling away as he does it. Thompson is 52 years old. There's a tell-tale touch of gray bristling at the lower edges of his sideburns, and the rest of his hair has a suspicious reddish cast that was never there before. He shifts his weight painfully in the bucket seat; he's tightly corseted to protect his bad back. One elbow is a bit crooked and his left knee rasps when he bends it. It wasn't this way in the old days, of course, but he's not indestructible anymore. Then he smiles and a flash of familiar hellion appears: his jowls seem to retract and a touch of oldtime cockiness returns.

It seems hard to believe that Thompson might actually need an introduction. After all, as he puts it, "I've been through three generations of racers." But, well, hot-rodding and off-road racing are admittedly pretty exotic activities these days, and because Thompson got out of the Indy car business more than a decade ago, it's entirely possible that his name isn't on everybody's lips anymore. So all right: this comfortably roundish gentleman, 5' 11" and 200-plus pounds, is Marion Lee Thompson Jr. He's something of a prototype. He might be called the basic pattern figure, the template, of America's hot-rod generation. To every guy who has ever peeled out of a White Castle parking lot, Thompson is Our Founder. He goes back to Deuce Coupes, ducktail haircuts and Sh-boom, sh-boom, ya-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da... The Mick was the kid who wasn't very good at schoolwork, especially all that English, but who could speak to engines. He could rest his

The 550-horsepower Challenger V is Thompson's concept of what desert "wild life" should look like



fingertips on the hood of any car and detect its illnesses. Thompson is a born engineer, if there is such a thing, a slow learner who later proved to have an IQ of 143.

Thompson has given the world a lot of marvelous stuff it didn't know it needed. For better or worse, he came up with

low-profile tires and the slingshot dragster, becoming the first man to hit 150 mph in a quarter-mile. In 1946 he gunned a 1929 Ford Model A roadster to a class record of 115.26 mph, and in 1958 he built the world's fastest hot rod, a supercharged Chrysler-powered streamliner that hit a stunning 294 mph. On var-

ious drag strips and dry lake beds and salt flats, he set more than 400 world and national speed records.

Thompson's most memorable creation was Challenger I, the first car he designed specifically for going after the land-speed record. It was powered by not one but four Pontiac engines, and the

continued





In his garage, Thompson lays bare Challenger V's tube-frame skeleton in yet another search to find more speed

first time he lit it off, the thing turned out something like 2,000 horsepower. It was awesome: the shiftpoint from low to second gear in that monster was 210 mph, and then it was popped into high at 315. And, glory be, Thompson actually drove the beast a sizzling 406.6 mph through the measured mile in 1960, surpassing Sir John Cobb's then-world record of 394.196. However, the rules insist that a car must be driven two ways through the timing trap for a mark to be official, and Challenger I balked on the return leg. But with all that, Thompson had set the world speed standard for driving a car. Remember that those guys who recently have gone as much as twice as fast in their rocket cars didn't actually drive, not in the honored piston-engine sense of the word. They were strapped in, the rockets were touched off—and they rode along as passengers. Stan Barrett actually reached the sound barrier this way, going 739.666 in 1979.

By the time Thompson got to Challenger III in 1968—the one that spun out so dramatically—the insurance companies had him figured. They agreed to insure the car for \$100,000. That is, as long as it was standing still. Soon as it started mov-

ing, nothing. Which is what Thompson got after he promised the Lord that he'd never, ever get back into it.

But all that was many years and many crashes ago, and here we are back in the California desert, in the bleak hills just outside Barstow, and Thompson is at it again. Officially, his desert car is called Challenger Mark V, and it's full of trick stuff, like a lot of his race cars. The con-

Mickey made the shocks; his company made the tires



cepts behind this gadgetry may be O.K., but that's not to say the hardware intended to execute these ideas is up to the job. Still, every time the crew rolls this thing off the back of its transporter, crowds seem to materialize from nowhere to stand around and stare at it in bewildered awe.

Challenger V has been five years in the planning, and Thompson has lavished an easy quarter million on it. It weighs 2,600 pounds (without Mickey) and can hit 150 mph on a level stretch of desert, while cranking 550 horses out of its mid-mounted aluminum V-8. But with all of those wonders, it's the shock absorbers that create the sensation.

Off-road racing is all that the name implies: into the desert, through gulleys and washes and arroyos, over rocks and ridges and sand dunes. The cars, partially flying and partially just bouncing, advance amid explosions of dirt, like troops running a minefield in a movie.

To make this kind of motoring a bit less jarring, Thompson has installed these shocks, which are about the niftiest things anybody has ever seen. He designed and built them in his shop. They're sturdy cylindrical tubes, a combination of hydraulics and springing. Each cylinder is stuffed with 250 pounds of nitrogen under pressure. "It's an air-spring principle," Thompson says. But look at it another way: at 57 inches, the shocks stand taller than, say, a Lincoln Continental.

Off-road racing of the let's-pile-into-our-pickups-and-run-to-Baja genre is 13 or so years old. But nine years ago Thompson organized a thing called SCORE, which now sanctions most off-road racing, to bring some order into the game. And while he's faithfully raced and raced, he's won only one event and, definitely, never the title. In fact, most of the time something breaks and Thompson lands belly-up in a gulch with broken parts falling all around him like metallic rain.

"In this kind of competition, a crash usually means that you got to

continued



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walk home," he says. After his Chevy race truck was busted up in the Arizona badlands on a cold February day in 1972, Thompson and co-driver Troy Marler slogged 45 miles to the highway. Thompson was wearing a driving suit and light jacket and dainty driving shoes and carrying water in a plastic bottle. "Along about sundown we came across some empty 50-gallon oil drums," he says. "And, man, it was starting to get cold. I chased the snakes out of my barrel and then I pulled up some big clumps of sagebrush and I crawled inside that old drum and I pulled the sagebrush in after me until it pretty much blocked the opening. And then I got all curled up into, you know, this fetal position and put my head on the plastic bottle for a pillow and went to sleep. When I woke up in the morning, the water was froze solid and the bottle was stuck to my head."

This season SCORE will stage seven races in this country and Mexico, and Thompson and Challenger V will make another run at the title. It would, indeed, be a comfort to race fans everywhere if he'd win this season, because chances are he's going to keep at it until he does—that's the Thompson way. And he is getting a bit long in the tooth to be walking out of deserts with a bottle of water frozen to the side of his head.

For another thing, Thompson creaks a bit now. In 40 years of racing—and crashing—he has been hospitalized 27 times. He has broken his back four times and his often-busted arms and elbows are now awash with floating bone chips and fragments. But, "It's something about me," he says with that wicked grin. "I don't know what it is. I always seem to heal real easy." A look at his teeth, still white, even and unbroken, tells what it is about him: he's one great big calcium deposit, that's what it is about him.

Race drivers tend to collect crash stories the way other people collect ivory chess sets or jade snuffboxes. Thompson has some memorable ones, slightly romanticized over the years, as good crash stories are, but most of them are backed up by newspaper clippings and other documentation.

A sample crash story:

"I shouldn't be allowed on motorcycles," Thompson says. "I own seven of them, but right now I got a pact with my chief mechanic, John House: he hides them all from me and I swear I don't

know where they are. Listen, I'm good at racing cars; you'd think I ought to be able to handle a cycle—but no. I'm always in over my head, going too hard, and sometimes I get the feeling that I'm going to fall before it happens. Listen: the last time I broke my back. It was in 1972 and I was joyriding on the Bob Petersen ranch near Pearblossom, Calif. It was a poker race; you know, where you pick up a playing card at each checkpoint until you got yourself a poker hand. And I had this growing feeling that I was going to crash. I was just going too hard and I jumped this small gulley at about 80 mph and hit

the far side all cater-wompus and—*splat!*—the motorcycle took off straight into the air. And I went into this rolling, tumbling fall, which wasn't really too bad because I was wearing leathers. Still, I could hear little bones snapping here and there. But then this crazy thought leaped into my head: listen, I'm going to make it; I'm going to be all right; I fooled you this time. And so I finally stopped tumbling and I lay there, face down and hurting but sort of grinning to myself, and then—*kapow!*—the motorcycle fell right out of the sky on top of me."

Which leads directly to that *continued*



Their acquired and mother-of-pearl bedroom suite reflects how lovey-dovey Trudy and Mickey are

corset. Thompson says an orthopedic specialist designed it for him, but it also seems entirely possible that it's a prop left over from a Marquis de Sade movie. For one thing, it's made of black leather. The corset has vertical ribbing and 14 buckles up the front. A label sewed on one side reads MICKEY THOMPSON. IF FOUND, CALL 313-435-2651. If the girdle is found? Or the girdle with a man in it? It doesn't explain. And then comes the really bizarre touch: in addition to all the other springing and suspension systems on his new desert car, Thompson has rigged up two S-hooks and rubber bungee cords on the ceiling. Last thing he does before he takes off is to attach the hooks to the shoulder straps on his corset: in effect, hanging himself from the roof of his car like an exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution. The idea is to reduce the strain on his back. "There are times," he says, "when I look positively sexy undulatin' along."

Well, any guy who would go through such agonies really ought to win, and there are times when perfect strangers will approach Thompson when he's dangling from the ceiling of his car, and say, "Listen, fella, I just want to say that, you know, I've got to hand it to you for going through all of this." And it would be fine indeed if Thompson could win the unlimited class in this year's series.

Then Thompson could get on with the business of leading a more genteel life with Trudy, the second Mrs. Thompson, in whose presence he turns into a 200-pound marshmallow. "I'll tell ya, I'm really in love," he says. He's also very well-heeled: hot-rodding led to associated enterprises—auto-equipment parts and what-all—that have made Thompson wealthy.

The former Trudy Feller, who at 34 is just three years older than Mickey's son, Danny, and five years older than his daughter, Lyndy, might have come tripping offstage from the cast of *Guns and Dolls*. A Bronx-born Jewish girl who came to California to seek her fortune, she landed a job as secretary to the publisher of *Hot Rod* magazine, where her initial instructions went something like this: "Here are the files, here's your typewriter and, whatever you do, don't date Mickey Thompson." Well, "We dated just once," she says, "and Mickey has never been out with another girl since." Her Bronx accent and depth of devotion are both perfect, and Trudy goes where

Mickey goes—even unto the desert. For practicing, Thompson has rigged up a two-seater "prerunner," and he takes Trudy on forays into the wilderness. Occasionally, he gets to driving too hard—Mickey is prone to do that—and they crash.

"Once we did an endo [an end-over-end flip] and landed upside down," Trudy says, with a sort of wide-eyed, isn't-this-keen enthusiasm. "I mean we rolled over and over. And, like, we were upside down in this gulley, and the car was tilted so that Mickey's side was on the bottom—you know, like sort of underneath me. And the first thing he said to me was, 'Hold everything! Don't unhook your seat belt or you'll drop on me and break my back again.'"

Trudy is this sort of wife: when they're trailering the race car back from the desert, Thompson will often fall into a sort of reverie, thinking purely mechanical thoughts, going over mental checklists of what might have gone wrong with the car. An hour or so of silence might go by. Then he'll suddenly turn to her and say, "Rear-end pressure." It's to Trudy's credit that she'll merely nod and jot it down in a notebook instead of raising her eyebrows and saying, "I beg your pardon." That's devotion.

The lovely-dovey Thompsons live in a modern, multilevel home burrowed into a hilltop overlooking Pasadena. The racing garages are on the lower level, below the mirrored bedroom with the black-lacquered rosewood furnishings and the headboard that has their names spelled out in inlaid mother-of-pearl. The whole shebang—house, garages and race cars, historic and otherwise—nearly went up in flames when devastating brush fires swept the area last November. When the conflagration burst over the ridge at 3:45 a.m., most of the neighbors fled down the hill in their nightclothes, but Thompson stayed to fight. He saved two trucks and several cars by pushing and rolling them into the blackened areas through which the fire had just roared. Still, six cars were burned to cinders and the garage was starting to crackle. Earlier, Trudy had dashed from the house with an armload of personal papers, and now she was back to help. But suddenly stacks of racing tires began exploding and Mickey yelled for her to run to safety, adding, "Take something valuable." So Trudy dashed out of the house clutching four fa-



Mickey has a reel hang-up about Challenger V

vorite pairs of jeans—"Listen," she says, "it's like, I mean, it's so hard to find jeans that fit just right, zreddy."

Challenger V survived the fire, suffering little more than singed elbows. It's now got a glossy new outer skin of metal-flake blue, with vibrant swatches of yellow and red and orange. The engine has been tweaked right up to the limit, as ever with Thompson's cars.

But you know those rascally race cars. "I have led the Parker race for the last four years in a row," Thompson says. "Three hundred miles, both sides of the Colorado River. I mean, I've been flat leading, way out in front, and then something goes blooey: Listen, in October of 1978, I led up to the last 200 feet. Then I threw a piston rod. I jumped out and pushed the car across and still beat everybody else." Nice try, but Thompson was disqualified; the rule says you must finish under power. Engines have blown, parts have sailed into the skies; last year, Thompson was again ahead of the field when his car threw a fan belt.

Which is not to say that Challenger V comes with any guarantee all that will change. As a trial run last year, it was entered in a race in Mexico and, rats, there went the steering. And a few weeks ago, Thompson rolled it into combat in the Barstow Off-Road Race. He had worked on the car until the last minute, arrived late and was relegated to start dead last in the unlimited class. Each of the eight laps was 53 miles through sandy sloughs and ridges.

The new car has a thunderously distinctive sound. It's a hammering dragster among mostly Volkswagen-powered buggies, and merely standing next to it makes your kidneys slosh. The 20 other unlimited entries rolled away toward the sand-colored hills. At the end of the line, Thompson hooked up his shoulder suspenders and started after them. What happened next seemed at first to be a desert mirage, when one squinted off into the low cloud of dust, there it was, the shining glint of those towering shock absorbers on Challenger V as it moved up. The car looked like some George Lucas creation for the next *Star Wars* sequel, the Imperial Water Bug—as it skimmed over the washboard ridges—its body reasonably steady and tranquil—while the wheels thrashed and bounded high with every bump. "And where most of them guys had to back off a whole lot," Thompson says, "I was able to stand on it all the way."

Well, not all the way. It was more like 30 miles. Thirty miles into the first lap and Thompson had leaped from the back of the pack into the lead. Challenger V simply ate them up—and then began pulling away, flying easily off the ridges and blasting by the rocks. It was at that point, naturally, that the car threw the traditional fan belt.

Thompson nursed his creation back to his truck, unhooked his crash helmet and painfully tugged it off. His jaws slowly fell back into place. Trudy was hovering nearby with a paper cup of Gatorade. "Poor baby," she murmured.

Some poor baby. Thompson licked the salt and sand from his lips and then grinned in a burst of white. "The thing's just not quite right yet," he said. He shrugged. "But then, I mean, what the hell, right? You can bet your butt that I'm not giving up." He unhooked the bungee cords from the shoulder straps and sank back into the bucket seat for a moment. And again, perhaps it was the light, possibly something more magical, but the years once more fell away.

Thompson has obviously got this thing all figured out: it ain't so much the winning or losing that counts. Well, winning would be better, the championship would be swell. But if you win it, it means you've got to move on to something else. And, you know, it's the racing that counts. Forever the hot-rodder. That's what counts. There lies eternal youth.

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They're tall, but that ain't all

By learning to work together, the mountainous front line of Center Tom Chambers and forwards Karl Bankowski (left) and Danny Vranes has Utah atop the WAC

The Wasatch mountain range is a succession of sunlit promontories that almost encircle the University of Utah campus like a snowy necklace. The Wasatch Front was formed after years of upheaval beneath the placid surface of a giant lake, and in a classic case of life imitating geology, it was in much the same manner that the towering front line of the Utes' basketball team was forged.

After three seasons of playing together with varying degrees of suspicion and success, 6' 7" forwards Danny Vranes and Karl Bankowski and 6' 9" Center Tom Chambers have finally formed a united front. Together, Utah's three tall

peaks now form perhaps the country's best forward wall, one that has a lot in common with the Wasatch Front: it's big, white and imposing.

When the season began, it appeared that Vranes and Chambers would have to shoulder most of the load for the Utes, just as they had done the two previous years. San Diego State Coach David (Smoky) Gaines called them "one of the best front-line tandems I've seen in college basketball," and then said almost in passing that Bankowski was "steady and fundamentally mistakeproof." But Bankowski has been more valuable than his 13.2 points a game indicate. "Bank is a fighter," says Utah Coach Jerry Pimm. "When things get

followed a 27-point, 13-rebound performance against New Mexico with 14 points in the win against UTEP. Vranes contributed 29 points and 17 rebounds in the two home wins, helping to push Utah's overall record to 23-2. At week's end, the Utes were comfortably in first place in the WAC with a 12-1 mark and were ranked seventh in the SI Top 20.

Utah does have guards, although once they have dribbled the ball up the floor you wouldn't always know it. Scott Martin, a 5' 11" senior, leads the WAC in assists with an average of eight a game; and 6' 6" Pace Mannion may sound like the ruthless-yet-passionate hero of a Barbara Cartland romance but, in fact, he's the league's fourth-best assist man. Martin and Mannion aren't particularly quick or graceful, but they're adept at one thing—getting the ball into the hands of the Utah frontcourt.

Though the three seniors who make up the Utes' forward wall often seem of a piece, each came to his present station by a different—if equally trying—path. Chambers and Vranes, in particular, have a great deal in common, and yet it has taken them three years to feel completely at ease with each other on the court. Both are married and have daughters; both are Mormons from Utah; and entering the New Mexico game, both were scoring 18.3 points a game. Vranes ranked first in the WAC in field-goal shooting (61.2%), Chambers second (60.9%).

Vranes has been a starter for the Utes since he was a freshman, and he also played a great deal on both the U.S. Pan Am and Olympic teams. After having been the star of his high school team in Salt Lake City, he became a local hero when he signed with the Utes. But his image suffered last year when he was linked to the FBI's investigation of phony academic credits being awarded by Ottawa (Kans.) University to athletes at various schools. Vranes had been advised to take an Ottawa correspondence course in physics to maintain his eligibility while he played in the '79 Pan Am Games in Puerto Rico, and though he says he did the work required, Vranes concedes,

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

"There's no doubt it was an easy course. That's why I took it." The results were devastating for Vranes, who was declared ineligible for four games.

As if all of that weren't unpleasant enough, Vranes and Chambers were having trouble playing together. "We got along, but we didn't work well together," says Vranes. "Everybody had his own personality, his own ego. Some guys were worrying more about how many points they scored than how the team did."

"I think our problem in the past was that there were some petty jealousies," says Chambers. "Danny and I have always gotten along, but we would play our own games and it became apparent that we weren't really working together."

It has taken Chambers several years to learn how to fit in, not only with Vranes, but with the whole team. "When he first came to us," says Pimm, "I think he thought more of Tom Chambers than anyone else in the world. Everything has always come so easily to him that he never thought he needed to work hard." Chambers admits as much. "I thought I was a superstar," he says. As much as any other factor, Chambers' new attitude has been responsible for Utah's great success this season.

While Chambers and Vranes were coming to terms with each other, Bankowski was just trying to come to grips with the fact that he couldn't win a starting position until his junior year. As his frustration mounted, Bankowski began to work out his hostilities on the floor, fighting with teammates in practice and arguing with officials in games. "I've been known to shoot my mouth off," he says, "but I think temper's a big part of the game." Bankowski's game is diving after loose balls, putting his head down and hurtling toward the basket and frequently shooting a surprisingly sweet outside jumper.

Bankowski claims he had difficulty getting college recruiters to take note of him while he was in high school in Schenectady, N.Y. So on his first day at a summer basketball camp he "took the charge on pavement" from a husky 6'8" kid named Wayne McKay, now the center at St. John's. "It wasn't the brightest thing I ever did," Bankowski says, "but it got me noticed."

Getting attention has not been a problem this season, either. Three months ago, the Utah sports information office

mailed out 1,000 flyers to members of the media and coaches, promoting Vranes and Chambers as All-America candidates. The omission of Bankowski's name evidently annoyed one of his fans, because in January a brochure describing Bankowski as "the other Utah All-American" was mailed to nearly 7,000 people. The flyers were done by a New York City company called SportsMarketing International and, according to the firm's president, were paid for by a New York businesswoman who has insisted on remaining anonymous. "Her support is a very wholesome, positive thing," says SMI President Dan Sheddick. "She really believes Bankowski isn't getting the kind of recognition he should." The promotion has already cost something like \$7,000 and still Bankowski has no idea who his benefactress might be. Probably someone trying to make a mountain out of a, well, out of a mountain.

THE WEEK

Feb. 16-22

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Two bounces, a clever one and a lucky one, helped Notre Dame to topple Virginia 57-56 and thereby end the nation's longest winning streak at 28 games. It all came down to the final 10 frenzied seconds, with the Cavaliers up by one and unable to rebound the ball within the allotted five seconds from under the basket. The violation gave the Irish the ball. John Paxson deftly bounced it in to Orlando Woolridge, who dribbled around Virginia's 7'4" center, Ralph Sampson, and missed a reverse layup. In the ensuing scramble, Kelly Tripucka of Notre Dame came up with the rebound but had the ball batted away. It bounced right to Woolridge, who arched a full-away jumper that cut the cords as time ran out.

"Sometimes I'm a decoy," said DePaul's Mark Aguirre after a 78-71 defeat of Marquette at home. "I have to be when they overdefend. When that happens, I pass off a lot. This time maybe I overpassed. Coach had to tell me to shoot more." So Aguirre, who had only eight points at the half, shot more. He swished jumpers from the corners, nestled in baskets from underneath and floated in delicate layups to finish with 24 points.

Some novel first-half strategy by Coach Late Otton may have helped Iowa was 67-62 at Purdue. "The Boiler-makers have a great crowd, and the fans do everything to help

continued

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their ball club," said Olson. "The reason we went into a spread offense early was to test their fans' lungs as well as their enthusiasm. We wanted to see how long they could keep up the noise. When Kenny Arnold got a bucket, that kind of quieted 'em down." It wasn't quite that easy. The Hawkeyes also had to play solid defense. They made six steals and limited 6'10" Russell Cross to 10 points and three rebounds, only about 50% of his usual productivity in those categories. That, plus 16 points apiece by Arnold and Vince Brooks, enabled Iowa to retain the one-game Big Ten lead it had gained with a 78-65 defeat of Indiana. The Hawkeyes opened up a 59-51 lead over the Hoosiers midway through the second half by turning two steals into baskets 23 seconds apart and by getting two long-range field goals from Brooks.

"I made a mistake Friday because we worked for 45 minutes instead of 10 and that left us tired," said Indiana Coach Bobby Knight following Saturday's 74-63 victory over Minnesota. After streaking in front 39-24, the Hoosiers wearied, had their second-half advantage sliced to two points and needed a spot to get some breathing room.

Illinois joined Indiana in second place by knocking off Michigan 67-64 and Michigan State 82-62. Trailing the Wolverines 62-58 with 1:23 remaining, the Illini rallied behind the shooting of James Griffin, who came through with a three-point play, and Perry Range and Craig Tucker, who each canned a pair of free throws.

Airballs. Rimmed. Backboard rattlers. Louisiana State fired up all manner of poor shots against Auburn but, despite missing 69.1% of them, prevailed 58-47. Aside from Durand Macklin, who hit six of nine field-goal attempts, the Tigers sank only four of 22 first-half tries. LSU then sewed up the SEC title by beating Tennessee 66-65 in Knoxville. The Vols overcame a 42-31 halftime deficit to lead 54-52 but then were done in by four straight Tiger baskets. Howard Carter scored 21 points on Sunday as LSU beat Texas A&M 67-57 for its 25th win in a row, now the longest streak in the country.

Kentucky, which four weeks earlier had whipped Florida by 54 points in Lexington, Ky., fought off the Gators 69-56 in Gainesville. Whenever Florida got close—the last time was 59-54 with four minutes left—the Wildcats surged, often with the aid of reserves, who chipped in 28 points. Sam Bowie wore down Vanderbilt with 19 points, 15 rebounds and nine blocked shots as Kentucky came out on top 80-68.

EAST Clarke Bysm, a freshman guard, tossed in 16 points to lift Clemson to an 81-71 upset victory over visiting Wake Forest. Three days later and still on the road, the Deacons lost 94-80 to Maryland. "It's tough when the other team makes you work hard on offense and then

SI TOP 20

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| 1. OREGON STATE (22-0) | 1 * |
| 2. VIRGINIA (24-1) | 2 |
| 3. DePAUL (23-1) | 3 |
| 4. LOUISIANA ST. (26-1) | 4 |
| 5. ARIZONA ST. (20-3) | 8 |
| 6. KENTUCKY (20-4) | 7 |
| 7. UTAH (23-2) | 8 |
| 8. N. CAR. (21-6) | 12 |
| 9. NOTRE DAME (20-4) | 11 |
| 10. WAKE FOREST (20-4) | 5 |
| 11. TENNESSEE (19-5) | 10 |
| 12. IOWA (19-4) | 13 |
| 13. UCLA (17-5) | 9 |
| 14. BYU (20-5) | 14 |
| 15. ILLINOIS (18-5) | 16 |
| 16. MARYLAND (17-7) | 10 |
| 17. INDIANA (17-8) | 17 |
| 18. WICHITA STATE (20-4) | 15 |
| 19. ARKANSAS (20-6) | 19 |
| 20. LOUISVILLE (16-8) | -- |

* Last week

scores an easy one," said Wake Guard Frank Johnson. And that's precisely what the Terps did, using an aggressive defense to trigger an electrifying fast break for their most significant victory of the season. Instead of following his usual policy of having his players bunk down at a hotel the night before a home game, Coach Lee Driesell let them sleep in their dorm. "It was just to do something different," Driesell said. The most wide-awake Terp was senior Albert King, who sank 13 of 16 shots from the field, scored 28 points and had seven rebounds and five assists to go along with his three blocks and three steals.

Another senior, Al Wood of North Carolina, missed his first five field-goal attempts against Clemson before finding the range for 23 points as the Tar Heels won 75-61.

Although best by talk of a 1978-79 point-shaving scandal, Boston College's young squad has borne up well. The Eagles ran their record to 20-4 and took a firm grip on the Big East lead by beating Georgetown 53-49 and St. John's 59-58.

WEST That was no Jacuzzi that UCLA Coach Larry Brown was in; it was just plain hot water, because of one decision he'd made and another he might have made. While rumors ran hot and heavy that Brown has decided to leave UCLA at the end of the season to coach the NBA Nets, there was no doubt that he'd cut freshman Kenny Fields, the starting center for most of the season, although no one was saying why. Without Fields, the Bruins struggled past California 72-66 and then lost at Stanford 74-72. Stanford, which had been outscored in the second half of 21 of 23 games this year, broke away from a 38-38 halftime dead-

lock to take a 65-56 lead and then held on.

Arizona State, as it often has, squandered most of a big lead before winning. This time Arizona, down by 16 with 6:42 remaining, closed to within three with 2:53 to play. Alton Lister, who had 21 points and 15 rebounds, clinched the Sun Devils' 71-66 victory by sinking two free throws with eight seconds on the clock.

"I've never seen a team that is so unselfish," said Washington State Coach George Raveling about Oregon State after the Beavers had routed the Cougars 81-53. Oregon State had assists on 13 of 15 first-half baskets and got 21 points from Steve Johnson.

While Utah remained atop the WAC, Brigham Young stayed two games back, beating New Mexico 78-72 and Texas-EI Paso 84-75. Fred Roberts scored 28 against UTEP.

MIDWEST "We had been partying and not concentrating. We made up our minds to stop that stuff." So said Wichita State Forward Cliff Levingston following an 83-70 defeat of Creighton ended a two-game Missouri Valley Conference skid. The Shockers had lost 74-72 to visiting Tulsa in double overtime, after blowing a five-point lead in the final 25 seconds of regulation time, 82-80 to New Mexico State on the road. Back home, Wichita State beat Creighton thanks to fine performances by Levingston (nine-for-11 shooting, 24 points, 12 rebounds), Antoine Carr (10-for-14, 26, 12) and Tony Martin (10 assists).

Louisville, which began the season by losing seven of nine games, extended its victory

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LEWIS LLOYD: Drake's 6' 6" senior forward scored 102 points, sank 39 of 61 field-goal attempts and pulled down 36 rebounds as the Bulldogs beat Tulsa 107-67 and New Mexico State 80-69 and lost to Creighton 73-49.

string to 10 by drubbing Memphis State 95-65 and Iowa 91-57. During the streak the Cardinals have won by an average of 18.4 points.

Missouri also seems to have righted itself. The Tigers beat Oklahoma State 82-65 and Nebraska 55-45 as Curtis Berry, whose lackluster play was a prime reason the Tigers burned along for much of the season, sank 17 of 20 field-goal tries and scored 44 points in the two games. Kansas State bounced back from a 58-50 loss at Kansas to another Oklahoma 108-71. All of which left Missouri and Kansas State tied for the Big Eight lead with Nebraska, an 81-61 winner over Iowa State.

Scott Hastings of Arkansas was another player who was back in stride. The Hogs, who sagged in January when Hastings was hit with the flu, beat Texas A&M 65-61 and Rice 75-59. Healthy again, Hastings had a total of 44 points as the wins.

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BOOMERANG, Australia (UPI)—Gina Hopalong beat Chris Evert Lloyd 6-4, 3-6, 7-5 in the finals of the \$150,000 Outback Open Sunday to become the first Italian aborigine ever to win a major women's tennis tournament.

Hasn't this ethnic stuff gone far enough? Why, back in 1975, when he became the first black man to win Wimbledon, Arthur Ashe declared the subject of racial fists passé. But when a 23-year-old New Yorker named Leslie Allen defeated Hana Mandlikova, the world's No. 5 woman player, 6-4, 6-4 at the \$125,000 Avon Championships of Detroit three weeks ago, the media once again jumped all over the easy angle: here was the first black woman to win a tennis tournament of any significance since Althea Gibson doubled at Forest Hills and Wimbledon in 1958.

In fact, though, Allen didn't just win a tennis tournament; she gave the women's game the shot of adrenaline it sorely needed. After all, Evert Lloyd hasn't competed all year; Tracy Austin is out of shape after recovering from an inflamed nerve in her lower back; Martina Navratilova is performing inconsistently; Evonne Coolidge is pregnant again; and Andrea Jaeger, whose feet are ailing, recently lost a first-round match to Peanut Louie, who has a much better name than game. So the women's tour is casting about for new draws.

Allen is much more than that. A fashion designer and a magna cum laude graduate in speech communications from USC, she's worldly, intelligent and regal. Her mother is an accomplished actress. Bill Cosby is a friend. What the Women's Tennis Association got itself was not an ethnic trivia question but a touch of class.

When Allen flew from Detroit to Oakland for her next tour stop, she found she had indeed arrived. After getting only five hours

of sleep, she rose at 6 a.m. for a TV interview, spoke with the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Oakland Tribune* and a local radio station, addressed the students at Berkeley's Martin Luther King Junior High and, finally, had dinner with a magazine writer.

The next day Allen disposed of Candy Reynolds in straight sets. In the second round she faced Mima Jausovec, whom she'd beaten in Detroit. This time Allen, who at 5' 10" has a powerful, high-kicking serve, had trouble with her first delivery, and Jausovec climbed all over her second. But by fighting off three match points and extending the world's 16th-ranked player to 7-5 in the third set, Allen demonstrated that she can play competitive tennis on a bad night. The

fans at the Oakland Coliseum stood and cheered her in defeat.

From Oakland it was home to Manhattan, where the New York media confirmed her status as a celebrity: an appearance on *Good Morning America*, breakfast with the *Times*, a press luncheon for her at a swank midtown restaurant, the works. Through it all, Allen was poised, patient and reserved, but she left no doubt as to how she wants to be known. "Comparisons to Althea and references to my color are fine—as long as people think of me as a tennis player first and a black person second," she said over and over in one form or another.

If casual tennis followers are surprised by her recent success, Allen's peers aren't. At last year's U.S. Open she went three sets with Navratilova. A week later she beat Mandlikova. In Detroit she upset fourth-seeded Virginia Ruzici and the sixth-seeded Jausovec before again defeating top-seeded Mandlikova. In that match her aggressive serve-and-volley tactics worked to perfection. "She's quick getting to net," said Mandlikova, "and once she's there, she's tough to pass because her height gives her such range."

In the past two weeks Allen has jumped from 45 to 26 on the WTA computer. She's currently fourth in the winter-tour point standings, which means she has an excellent chance to be one of the eight qualifiers for the Avon Championships that start March 25 in New York. "She's always had talent," says tour veteran Sharon Walsh. "It was just a question of confidence."

As recently as two months ago, Allen's confidence was perilously low. A slumping satellite player, she had lost nine of her 10 most recent first-round matches and had a bad case of the flu. "In my weakened condition, I found I couldn't do things I had taken for granted,"

continued

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Having beaten the best in Detroit, Allen was tough on a bad night in Oakland.



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she says. "I had to concentrate more and become more analytical about my game."

Allen started playing more aggressively, capitalizing on her serve and intimidating opponents by crowding the net with her oversized Prince racket in hand. In early January she qualified for the main tour. With an 11-4 record for the year, it looks as if she's there to stay.

"It's said that your style of tennis is a reflection of your personality," says Allen. "At this point I would describe myself as calm and confident." So is her tennis. In matches she shows little emotion, merely nodding at her errors and grimacing only when her back is to the net. "When the players hear of a new hot-shot, they look for a breaking point," says Avon Operations Coordinator Laura Knopp, who played doubles with Allen at USC. "There's none with Leslie, and that kills them."

Allen got her cool court demeanor from her mother, Sarah, who currently is appearing as a featured player in the Negro Ensemble Company's production of *Weep Not for Me* in New York City. The two have much in common, including a 75-year-old Harlem brownstone that they bought and renovated.

"I had played tennis myself," says Sarah, "and I knew it to be a mental as well as physical game, one that affects your grace and well-being. I used to carry Leslie around to local tournaments I entered. She was a gawky kid and played only off and on growing up. I think it was smart of me not to push her."

A teacher, science consultant and food-product marketer at various stages of her career, Sarah stopped 16 hours short of her Ph.D. in science education to go into acting. "My mother and grandmother had been in education," she says. "Middle-class kids, especially middle-class black kids, are always pushed into 'safe' careers. They aren't allowed what I call the luxury of failure in offbeat vocations like acting and playing tennis."

Leslie caught the tennis bug for good as a high school senior in Cleveland, where she was living at the time with her father, Howard. "I was too tall to be a cheerleader; I couldn't sing and couldn't twirl a baton," she says. "There was nothing for me to do, and I didn't want to sit around and watch TV." But it wasn't until the end of her freshman year at Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon Institute that she settled on the game as a career. "She glibly announced, 'I want to play pro-

fessionally,' without having shown she had the slightest bit of talent," says her mother. "So we decided to take it step by step, on a five-year plan."

Because there was little competition for her in Pittsburgh, Allen transferred to the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York. No go. "I'd get out of school at 5 p.m. with an assignment to construct a three-dimensional study of a triangle, square and rectangle in three colors," she says. "The only time to play was from 9 to 11 p.m. on Saturday nights." From there it was on to Texas Southern University, where a promised women's team never materialized, and finally to USC, where Allen never moved higher than No. 5 on the squad.

After graduating—despite switching schools and majors frequently, she earned her degree in the standard four years—she returned to New York and began practicing with Bob Ryland, a former national black champion. An engaging man with a bag-full-of-tricks game, Ryland is an ext. trainer who specializes in the mental aspects of tennis. "I told Leslie to think about nothing but hitting the ball," Ryland says, "to get into concentration, acknowledge her mistakes and go on."

With financial backing from Cosby and others, Allen went to Australia, Nigeria, Europe and anywhere else she could play. "I was well prepared for life on the road," she says, "because I'd already had the full spectrum of experience. I'd gone to private school, public school, parochial school, a school where I was the only black and a school that was all-black." Still, the international road was rocky. "At least three times she considered quitting," says Sarah. "I told her she'd always wonder what she could have done."

As it happened, her big win in Detroit came the same night Sarah celebrated a birthday and opened in *Weep Not for Me*. "I didn't find out the result until after the final curtain call," says her mother. "The entire cast was waiting. You wouldn't have believed the din in the theater."

Althen Gibson was making coffee at her home in East Orange, N.J. when word of Allen's victory came over the TV the next morning. "I was overwhelmed," says Gibson, 53, now her town's recreation manager. "My heart pounded with love and pride and concern. I said to myself, 'Winning the first tournament is the



Leslie and Sarah share a Harlem brownstone

biggest obstacle.' Now Leslie may go on to become a champion."

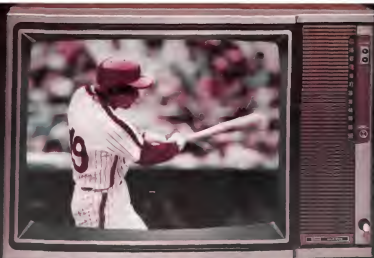
Allen is the same height and nearly the same weight (140 pounds) as Gibson was in her playing days, and the two have practiced together, though not recently. There end the similarities between the two women. Before winning at Wimbledon and Forest Hills in 1957 and 1958, Gibson was unwelcome at most major tournaments. She was the only, lonely black in high-level amateur tennis, and there was no pro tour for women then. By contrast, Allen is one of six black women on the main and satellite tours.

What racial problems she encounters are considerably more subtle than those Gibson faced. "I get asked all kinds of stereotyped questions, like what it was like playing stickball and tennis on the streets," Allen says. "Is that all people think about when they hear of a black player from New York? They don't ask players from Communist countries if their food was rationed. Some people can't accept that blacks play tennis."

Or tell them apart. "How did you finish your match so quickly?" Allen was asked recently at a party that was being held at a tournament site. She pointed to the main court, where Duane Morrison, another black, was competing. "I'm still playing," she said.

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CARSTENSZ PYRAMID

continued

"a very high mountain range in many places white with snow, which we thought a very singular sight, being so near the line equinoctial." His countrymen thought that Carstensz must have been mad.

Nearly three centuries later, in 1910, a British expedition set off in search of Carstensz Pyramid. In 15 months the party of 262, led by six explorers, reached 30 miles into the jungle from the southern coast—halfway there. Sixteen of the 146 porters died and many more were disabled by accidents, beri-beri and malaria. Upon his return, Wollaston, one of the expedition members, told the Alpine Club, "Even if we had spent twice that time in the country, I doubt if we should

distance, and the subsequent huge bulk of supplies and gear, were made necessary by the nature of the country." For 92 days they trekked, stretching dwindling supplies and fighting diseases. Fog, rain, precipitous rock formations and a glacial ice field turned them back near the mountain's base.

Twenty-four years elapsed before the next assault. An 11-man party led by A.H. Colijn of the Netherlands hacked a trail from the southern coast to the mountain in four weeks, but failed in three attempts to reach its summit. But they had established contact with a mountain tribe, the Kapaukus. Wrote Colijn:

"They were all crowded together on the plateau, where they were dancing and

It is of a mountain expedition that I am going to speak, but so much time was occupied in reaching the mountain range that mountaineering in the proper sense of the word will occupy but a small part of what I have to say.

—A.F.R. WOLLASTON
before the Alpine Club,
London, March 3, 1914.

A mystical mountain rises from the equatorial jungle of New Guinea. The mountain reveals itself infrequently; it is cloaked for all but a very few days each year by a thick gray mist to the south, and is guarded by a towering ridge of stone to the north. The natives living in the highlands to the northeast, the Dani, call it Dugundugu, which is also their word for ice. They believe the mountain offers strength through its ice, which is white, like the meat of their pigs. The natives living in the jungle south of the mountain, the Damal, call it Namangkawee, which means white arrow. They make their arrows from reeds with white blossoms, which appear to them like the crowns of snow on the mountain. The Indonesians, in whose territory, Irian Jaya, the mountain stands, call it Panyik Jaya, or "victory peak."

In Europe and America the mountain is called Carstensz Pyramid, after the Dutch explorer Jan Carstensz, who in 1623 described it from his ship in the Arafura Sea. He returned to Holland to report that the mysterious mist which covered the interior of the island had parted one day, and far inland he had glimpsed



At the military outpost in Iraga, the chestnut (in blue) hires Dani porters for the trek.

have come as far as the foot of the highest range." But he confirmed Carstensz' claim: a mountain of icy beauty does indeed rise from the island's perpetual mist, in fantastic contrast to the dark jungle around it.

Wollaston went back in 1912—"for my own peace of mind, if for no other reason"—leading an expedition that numbered 226. Like the first, it included a detachment of soldiers for protection. Said Wollaston, "I ought, perhaps, to explain that this apparently excessive number of men required for the transport of two Europeans for a comparatively short

yodelling like madmen, waving their bows and arrows, not knowing whether they should shoot or wait for us. . . . Suddenly they seized us and dragged us into their frenzied dance. . . . We screamed and danced with them like madmen, whirling our ice axes above our heads as they did with their bows and arrows. By this participation in their dance we captivated their hearts, however, and they then sat down beside us, fondling our hair and faces."

After World War II, missionaries, most of them American, came to New Guinea. Among other things, they built

airstrips. In 1961 a party of climbers led by New Zealander Philip Temple landed on one of these strips. In the highlands northeast of Carstensz Pyramid, and trekked to the vicinity of the mountain in two weeks. They ran out of food while looking for a pass over the Noordwand, the 1,500-foot-high ridge that guards Carstensz Pyramid, and subsequently retreated, better and hungrier. They had not even seen the mountain.

Heinrich Harrer, an Austrian climber who conquered the north wall of the Eiger in 1938 after eight men had died trying, went after Carstensz Pyramid in 1962. He recruited Temple, with air support and 115 porters they searched out a way over the Noordwand (which Harrer named New Zealand Pass) and climbed a western ridge route to the summit of Carstensz Pyramid. Its altitude: 16,023 feet.

It might be considered foolhardy, the way we came together to climb Carstensz Pyramid last summer. I had never set eyes on either of my climbing partners, Bob Shapiro and Geoff Tabin, before I landed in Jayapura, the only city in Irian Jaya, the western half of the island of New Guinea. The expedition was the dream of Shapiro, 25, of Chappaqua, N.Y., a biologist, who had just completed his second and final year at Oxford, where he had studied philosophy and psychology. Tabin, 24, a Chitagoan and Bob's friend and climbing partner, had graduated cum laude from Yale and had also studied at Oxford. They had met during their first

week at Oxford, a university with a rich mountaineering heritage, and within a few days were climbing together on the sea cliffs of Cornwall. In January 1980 the two made the first free ascent of the Diamond Butress on 17,040-foot Mount Kenya, which rises spectacularly from the east African plateau.

Before Oxford, Bob had attended Exeter and Penn, and he had hiked 800 miles of the Appalachian Trail. After his first term at Oxford he had hitchhiked more than 1,800 miles across the Sahara to Lagos, Nigeria, having made bets that he would be back in Oxford before classes resumed in five weeks. Geoff, a natural athlete, was captain of the Yale tennis team for two years. In March of last year he leaped off the Royal Gorge suspension bridge, 1,053 feet above the Arkansas River in Colorado, tethered by triple strands of a 17-mm. bungee cord, for *That's Incredible!* This was virtually all I knew about my fellow climbers, although we had talked for hours on the phone making plans.

When Bob was 19 he had read an account in *Ascent* magazine of the second climb of Carstensz Pyramid's north face, a sheer 2,000-foot slab of grooved limestone. The north face lurked in the back of Bob's mind for five years. Then he met Geoff, and they spent a year planning this expedition. From numerous applications they received six grants: from The Mazamas, an alpine club in Portland, Ore.; the University of Oxford; The Drapers' Company, a charitable organi-

zation in London; the John R. Hudson Fund of the American Alpine Club; the Mount Everest Foundation; and the A.C. Irvine Travel Fund. Irvine was a young Oxford graduate who in 1924 had disappeared on Everest with George Mallory, then the star of the mountaineering world. They were last seen near the summit in fair weather, making good progress. Many mountaineering analysts (mostly British) believe they made it—29 years before Sir Edmund Hillary—and that some day their bodies will be found with cameras and preserved film, proving it. A trust fund was established in Irvine's name, and made available to Oxford undergraduates for "strenuous holidays," an expression that Bob, an Anglophile, was much taken with. It suited his understated attitude and personal approach toward the anticipated ascent of Carstensz Pyramid.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had learned of the expedition while it was being planned, and asked me to volunteer, if I wished, and if it could be arranged. Bob and Geoff had just lost a prospective climber, a young Australian physician, to professional demands; so I was taken on. Being an enthusiastic, if casual, rock climber, adventuresome and in good shape, I believed I could reach the summit. So we became a team, to trek through the high jungle to the Western Snow Mountains of New Guinea and climb Carstensz Pyramid, the tallest peak between the Himalayas and the Andes.

Only Bob greeted me at the *continued*

Children stream out of the Rago government school to greet the climbers as they pass by and to speed them on their way with hymns.



CARSTENSZ PYRAMID

continued



Labar and Moses negotiate thick rain forest.

Jayapura airport on July 18 Geoff was in town trying to get permits for us to travel to Iraga, a village 200 miles distant, where the 44-mile trek to Carstensz Pyramid would begin. The Indonesian government was careful about whom it allowed into the interior of Irian Jaya. Indonesia's control of the area had not been absolute. There had been outbreaks of armed natives seeking independence—some as recently as 1978—and the government was sensitive. For Iraga we needed documents called *surat jalans*, or "walking papers." Bob and Geoff had spent five days in the Indonesian capital of Jakarta, vainly chasing *surat jalans*. In Jayapura we were sent from office to office, from one official to another: the Indonesian police, the Irian Jaya police, the Jayapura police, the Indonesian army, Military Intelligence, Defense Intelligence; we were never sure who was interviewing us. At each office we were told to "please, sit down," and we eventually

learned that that invitation spelled trouble. Officials repeatedly cautioned us about something euphemistically referred to as "accidents." One officer told 10 climbers who had gone toward Carstensz Pyramid, split up, ventured into the jungle one by one, and had never come out. We doubted it. "Accidents" was never quite defined, because to define it might have raised questions about the uprisings.

And although we were armed with assorted endorsements, including letters of introduction from both the American and British embassies, to make us look as important as possible, the documents seemed to invite a Catch-22 proposition: if we were important enough to go to the interior of Irian Jaya, we were too important to be risked there.

A wiser expedition might have pursued the *surat jalans* more patiently. But Bob had been dreaming of Carstensz Pyramid for six years, Geoff can't sit still, and I had been single-mindedly running up hills and climbing in the rain for six weeks to get ready. We decided to go to Iraga and take our chances.

Geoff had booked us passage into the jungle with Leroy Kelm, an American pilot serving with the Seventh-Day Ad-

ventist Mission and a member of the Missionary Air Fellowship, an organization of missionary bush pilots which provides the most efficient transportation system in Irian Jaya. There are no real roads except in the vicinity of Jayapura.

Leroy had silver muttonchop sideburns and a small empire. He had a hard-working, agreeable wife and a teen-age daughter with nowhere to go to get into trouble. He had a house with a sidewalk in front and a piano with an open hymnal on the music rack. He had his own hangar and airstrip out by his avocado trees. He went to work every day flying airplanes over the jungle, over areas not yet charted, sometimes visiting naked tribesmen from a Stone Age culture, and then he flew home to his family for supper.

"No way," Leroy said when we told him Iraga was where we wanted to go. "All I've got is my Aero Commander, and the strip at Iraga is too short for it. If you had been here a few months ago I could have taken you in. I had a smaller plane then. But half of it's out in the jungle now. I took off with too big a load and came back down about 100 yards past the end of the strip. We couldn't get all the pieces out."

Leroy could, however, fly us to Mula, only a two-day trek from Iraga. So we left it at that and had a spaghetti dinner at the Kelms', after which Geoff performed magic tricks and told the story of the Kowloon fortune.

He had been in Hong Kong on his way to China as a member of a Yale tour group, and had taken the ferry across the harbor to Kowloon. Near the landing there was a fortune-teller, and Geoff went into his tiny shop. He found a very old Chinese with a wispy goatee and two-inch-long nails on his little fingers. In telling Geoff's fortune, the old man threw Chinese coins and turtle shells on the floor. When they landed he made notations on a parchment scroll. Then he studied between Geoff's toes with a magnifying glass and made more notes on the scroll. Then he released a parakeet, observed where it landed, and made another notation. When the old man was finished he told Geoff, in effect, that Geoff was the luckiest sonofabitch he had ever seen.

Geoff was "cheerfully oblivious to society's norms," as Bob put it: once, while serving during a Yale-



Yoni balances a bag of freeze-dried food.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

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CARSTENSZ PYRAMID

Continued

Columbia tennis match, he responded to a heckler by mooning him, which immediately resulted in Geoff being made the favorite, even though Yale was playing at Columbia. His athletic ability extended well beyond climbing and tennis, for he was an aggressive skier as well. Geoff had reached the top levels of rock climbing in just two years, and as the quickest among us, would lead most of the climb on Carstensz Pyramid. But despite his intellectual credentials, it seemed to me there were some missing steps in Geoff's way of reasoning; his conclusions appeared out of kilter with

the evidence, his arithmetic somehow off. I resolved to keep up my guard during the climb.

We slept that night in Kelm's hangar and at dawn we saw the oddest thing. Precisely in the direction of Carstensz Pyramid, a huge fan of pastel hues, an atmospheric phenomenon, extended high above a mountain into the gray sky. Bob said it was an omen that we would have good weather for the climb. The odds were heavy against that: previous expeditions to Carstensz Pyramid, nine of which had reached the summit, had reported miserable weather. While we weren't banking on Bob's premonition, neither were we discounting it. He had been climbing once and needed to wake up at 3 a.m., but had no alarm clock. In the middle of a dreamless night, a word flashed as neon lights before his eyes: *INFLUENCE*. He sat upright and turned a flashlight on his wristwatch. The second hand passed 12 at exactly 3 a.m.

Between Geoff's luck and Bob's intuition, we figured we had something extra going for us. I looked at the fan of colors in the direction of Carstensz Pyramid and wondered.

The next morning, barely after we lifted off from Kelm's private airstrip, Bob was already bouncing in his seat behind Leroy, patting him on the back, grinning, thanking him repeatedly for fulfilling his dream. "Boy, this is great, to actually be on our way after all this time," he kept saying as he bounced around. As we flew deeper into the country, we spotted an occasional village in the jungle below us,

usually nestled in a valley, its rounded grass huts—called *amias*—looking like fat haystacks. There were tidy gardens on the hillsides, and wooden fences that drew neat patterns in the rich soil—forming pig corrals, as we learned later.

Sharon Kelm had told us that morning that her husband was quite taken with our adventure and had slept faithfully, he was so excited. We had been in the air only half an hour, flying toward Mulia, when Leroy said, "Oh, what the heck. Let's try to land this thing in Ilaqa."

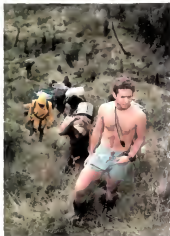
The flash of a tin roof announced Ilaqa. The airstrip was on a plateau that ended suddenly at a drop-off, which was marked by a wooden fence pretending to be a protective barrier. The big Aero Commander approached the strip awkwardly. Geoff's eyes were glued to the windshield, and he looked as nervous as I would see him during the entire expedition. We touched down neatly enough, but we realized from the look on Leroy's face that something was wrong. The plane refused to slow, we were sliding in the mud as if on an icy highway. We slid a couple of hundred feet, with the drop at the end of the strip coming disconcertingly close at an alarming rate. The plane veered to the right, toward an embankment, then slid diagonally. Fortunately, the tires began sinking into the mud. It stopped with the tip of its left wing about 20 feet from the drop-off, which we could see over.

There was an explosion of relief and exhilaration in the cabin. Bob's euphoria was unrestrained now. After six years of dreaming, he was actually there. And we had come in with such style.

We had been jumping around the plane and grinning for only a couple of minutes when we heard yelps and howls in the thin air—Ilaqa's altitude is 8,038 feet. Suddenly, a boy of about 10 appeared, running over a hill, whooping and whistling. He was naked except for some beads around his neck and his *kubewak*, a hollowed gourd sheathing his penis, the entire male dress of his people, the Western Dani. More boys followed him, running over the rise shouting "Ha! Ha! Ha!" and a couple of old men brought up the rear.

When the first boy reached us, Bob said "Kamuk," the Western Dani greeting that can mean "hello," "goodby," "good luck," "take care," any number of things.

(continued)



Geoff leads the party up a hill covered with tussock grass. Below, Bob gets a helping hand from one of the porters while crossing a log bridge.





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CARSTENSZ PYRAMID

continued

"Kannak," said the boy.

"Kaonak," said Geoff.

"Kacook."

The boys and men began unloading our eight big packs. One small boy hefted a 65-pound duffel of freeze-dried food, while others took packs nearly as heavy. A group of boys began laughing at me as I talked into my tape recorder. As soon as they realized what it could do—possibly some of them had seen one before—they broke into song. They surrounded me, chanting and singing and whistling. Today, when I think of the expedition, I remember that moment more vividly than any other.

With the assistance of about two dozen natives, we pushed Leroy's plane out of the mud and pointed it back down the strip. He took off, made a U-turn in the sky and dipped his wings before disappearing over the green mountainous rim of the Ilaga Valley.

We knew there was a Protestant mission in Ilaga, and we were hoping the missionary could recruit porters for us. Bob stayed at the airstrip to watch the equipment, while Geoff and I headed toward the mission, trailed by an entourage of boys who chatted amiably, the pauses between words filled by the patter of bare feet in the mud.



After a successful hunt, Martinus has a barbecue and serves bits of bat to the porters.

At the missionary's, a two-story wooden house painted white and trimmed in dark green, the grass was being cut by a native wearing Bermuda shorts and pushing a Honda power mower. As if he had been expecting us, the gardener shut off the mower and wordlessly showed us to a shed where there was a radio. We

flipped channels until we heard English-speaking voices—the missionary band. We were told the Ilaga missionary was on furlough in the States and would be for three more months. We therefore asked our entourage to take us to their chief, the *chamat*, whom I envisioned as an old, wise man, maybe even pointed. A naive imagining. The natives led us to a tin-roofed shack with a porch, and I knew we were exactly where we didn't want to be: at an Indonesian government outpost. *Chamat* meant chief, all right, military chief. We were in Ilaga illegally and calling on the law. "Please, sit down," a soldier said as we entered the shack.

We sat down in chairs against the wall; two of the *chamat*'s aides sat down in chairs opposite us. Through a dirty window we could see a small building, like a barracks, in front of which were about a dozen milling soldiers, chickens at their feet and M-16 rifles slung over their shoulders. One of the military aides told us there were 46 of them. For a long time that was all anyone said.

Then the *chamat* came into the room. He was young, no more than 30, lean and unsmiling, wearing civilian clothes. He looked shrewd, and he looked suspicious. Though he spoke English as well as his subordinates, he only addressed us through them. He wanted to know what we were doing in Ilaga.

We explained our plan to climb Car-



Pendans leaves are run gear for most porters, but "Sam" prefers Moses' blue sweater.

stenz Pyramid. We smiled a lot and tried to pretend nothing was wrong. We asked him how we might hire porters.

The *chamar* told us something was wrong: our *surat jalans*. Because we did not have the proper credentials, he would have to detain us until he spoke by radio to his commandant in another village. After a couple of hours, he released us, but only to bring Bob, who was still at the airstrip, and the equipment back to his shack.

It was nearly dark by the time we returned to the outpost. The *chamar* informed us that the commandant had given permission for us to go to Carstensz Pyramid; we could scarcely believe it. All we had to do was write and sign what he called "the promise"—a waiver holding the Indonesian government blameless should we meet with an accident. We quickly agreed, copying verbatim—imperfect English and all—the "promise" of a Belgian expedition that had passed the outpost earlier.

But we still had a problem: the *chamar* demanded possession of our passports while we were off climbing. He kept asking for them, and we kept stalling. We had no intention of returning to Iraga after the climb, but we couldn't tell the *chamar* that, for that would reveal we were headed toward yet another village for which we had no *surat jalans*. We knew that just one day's trek from Carstensz Pyramid was a village called Tembagapura, which was near an American copper mine. We planned to exit from there, although from the beginning we had gotten strange vibrations about Tembagapura. The Indonesians wouldn't discuss it, let alone grant *surat jalans* to the place. It was as if the mine were some kind of secret.

We weren't trying to be underhanded, it was a practical matter: after climbing on Carstensz Pyramid, whether we succeeded in reaching the summit or failed, we didn't think we would have enough food to trek back to Iraga. Our plan was to travel light and fast. A return trek would mean we would have to cut nearly a week out of our 12-day climbing schedule, which would considerably reduce the chances for success. Time would be squeezed so tightly that any bad weather would probably keep us from the summit.

Despite our worry over the passports, we were buoyed as we spread our gear on the floor of the *chamar*'s shack and di-

vided it into 15 packs of roughly 22 pounds each. The *chamar* conferred in the corner with Aner, a man of about 40 years wearing a filthy red shirt and Bermuda shorts, who would be our chief porter. Natives hovered on the porch and peered in the window. Once when I looked up from my packing, I saw the grizzled face of an old man. He was wearing a dirty hat pulled over his ears and had one milky eye, and he stared in from the darkness with such plaintive curiosity that he made me want to turn our packing into an open house.

The *chamar* acted as the porters' agent. He set their wages at 800 rupiah (\$1.28) per man per day. We feared a large part of that would be the *chamar*'s commission, but he permitted us no direct communication with the porters regarding their salary. We wondered where they spent their money; we later found out that the mission operates a store.

The idea was to get out of Iraga with our porters and our passports. I spent most of the night in my sleeping bag scheming, to the accompaniment of the *chamar* and his aides playing cards under a harsh kerosene lamp in the next room. It was the last night of the sacred month of Ramadan, during which Muslims are permitted no food or drink by day.

Our hosts eventually did go to bed. It was still dark when I heard Bob stir, and I explained my plan. I would sneak out before dawn and go back to the mission. The *chamar* would miss me as soon as he awakened, of course, and Bob would tell him I had gone to use the mission radio to charter a flight out of Iraga two weeks hence, and I must have inadvertently taken the passports. Then the hard part: Bob would have to talk the *chamar* into letting the expedition proceed by assuring him we would send the passports back with a runner. It seemed a reasonable risk. With reservations, Bob agreed.

I sneaked off in the predawn mist and spent the morning at the mission, relieving the suspense by playing with the tape recorder with the natives. A boy would stand up and introduce himself and a song he was going to sing, and others would join him in singing it. One young man stepped forward and announced, "I sing." He gestured to the tape recorder and to his mouth to

make sure I got it. He stood erect and sang proudly into the recorder:

*Everybody ought to know,
Everybody ought to know,
Everybody ought to know
Who Jesus is.*

Neither Bob nor I had been terribly optimistic about the departure scheme, so we grinned hugely at each other when I looked up and saw him leading a long file of porters carrying our equipment on their heads. Geoff, walking beside Bob, was the first to speak. "All right!" he shouted jubilantly. "Now let's get out of here!"

The caravan that followed Bob and Geoff numbered considerably more than 12 porters, which was how many we thought we had hired. Bob and Geoff happily explained that our abundance of help was the fruit of Dans enthusiasm, and that the problem had not been procuring labor but turning it down. The expedition had grown from its first step away from the outpost; the load was already spread among a score or more. For a moment I thought the trek might be cheapened if we didn't carry our own packs. Then I kind of liked the idea.

We hiked along like a Fourth of July parade, attracting older men who walked with us, chatting with the porters they knew. Three women carried potatoes in their yums—net bags woven from fiber made from reeds and decorated with bright orchid stems. The yums hung from their heads down over their shoulders and served to drape their backs, which modesty prompts them to keep covered. Twenty-five pounds of potatoes—or maybe a baby wrapped in leaves—could be carried in a large yum. The women took smooth, purposeful strides; they seemed to glide over the pig fences we clambered across. As we went, the porters gathered potatoes for the journey, usually handed from one woman to another over a garden fence. We passed a government school, and children streamed out, scores of them, laughing and shouting. I spotted a little boy of about six, who wore only a tiny *luke-wak*. He was the only one with no beads, so I gave him a small charm necklace a friend had given me for luck. The necklace charmed him; his smile charmed me. The children surrounded us and sang to us. As we moved on, they con- continued

CARSTENSZ PYRAMID

Continued

tinued singing. Their parting song was the most beautiful. They sang it in Indonesian. It was *Beruang in the Sheares*.

SAME PLEASE GIVE THE BEARER OF THIS NOTE OUR PASSPORTS, BOB

That morning, when I hadn't returned from the mission, the *chamat* had sent a runner with the note from Bob. He had just caught up with us.

We were four hours out of Iraga, which gave us a good lead on the *chamat* and his 46 soldiers. It was tempting just to take the passports and run. But we didn't know how the *chamat* might react. Would he vend his troops after us? Could we get to the jungle by nightfall? Was it true that Indonesian soldiers are afraid of "accidents" in the jungle at night? Could the *chamat* radio Tembagapura and arrange for our arrest?

After discussing it for half an hour we reduced the argument to a simple proposition: relinquishing the passports would not keep us off the summit of Carstensen Pyramid, but holding them might. We gave the passports to the runner.

That settled, we continued, snaking up a slippery hill toward the rain forest. We had lost many of the surplus earners (including the older women); they had just seen us to the end of the Iraga Valley. The final number settled at 16: 13 young men, two teen-age girls and one boy of about 12. The boy led the train, carrying 15 pounds of potatoes in a *yum* hanging from his head. Then came Geoff, in blue boxer trunks, a preppy gray wool crew-neck sweater and galoshes, a *yum* full of potatoes hanging down his back. He was followed by a native called Yoni.

Yoni had the athletic grace of Lynn Swann. He was tall for a Dani, about 5'9", with broad, lean shoulders and a wedge-shaped torso, and weighed about 150 pounds. Like those of all the Dani, his feet were broad and tough, over the next few days we would watch him turn hot coals and walk over jagged rocks with them. His toes gripped the muddy trail like thick fingers. On his head, Yoni balanced a hulking duffel bag of freeze-dried food weighing 30 pounds, our heaviest pack. From his forehead he carried a *yum* with another 25 pounds of potatoes. I followed him on the trail, awestruck at the way he walked quickly along slippery logs, losing neither his balance nor his rhythm.

"Nawok!" shouted Yoni, leading us

three men—white men—along a dark, serpentine trail in the rain forest. Rays of sun shone through the roof of the forest, drawing stripes and shadows on the vines. It was as if giant venetian blinds hung from the trees.

"Let's go!" we shouted back to Yoni, translating his "nawok."

"Lee go!" shouted Yoni.

"Nawok!" we shouted back, our spirits lifted by him.

"Lee go!"

"Nawok!"

We continued for more than a mile like that, exchanging cries of encouragement with the porters, some of whom had brought other Dani words into the game.

The most efficient way to move through the mucky jungle was along the tops of logs. Some of them had fallen to make a natural trail, while others had been chopped to make a trail. They were all wickedly slimy, angling their way through trees and vines and ferns growing from the marshy ground, and crows roaring tributaries and deep dark gorges only a troll could love.

Geoff would amble blithely and eagerly onto even the slickest log; it wouldn't have surprised me if he had taken off his galoshes and gone barefoot, like the Dani, just for fun. Bob was cau-

tious, he wouldn't cross a risky log unless there was no way under or around it. I took most of the logs as personal tests.

They weren't really tests of balance and courage, and it wasn't ego; if I saw a log I felt I couldn't cross. I wasn't reluctant to look for a way around it. What would bother me would be to turn away from one I could have crossed. The test was in knowing where the line was.

My preparation for the expedition had been not only physical—the six solid weeks of climbing and running, mostly uphill—but also what amounted to a crash course in mountaineering. For the "dress rehearsal," my trainer, Ronald Sacks of New Paltz, N.Y., an experienced mountaineer who in 1979 had spent 32 days on the face of 5,000-foot Mount Thor on Ballin Island in an unsuccessful attempt to scale it, wanted for a rainy day and chose a face route on Cannon Mountain in New Hampshire. "The idea is to attempt the most intimidating mountain you think you can climb," Ron had said before we started. I had been trying not to be intimidated by the climb (which would go well), but the thought of that statement as a blueprint for life gave me butterflies.

The logs were mountains, and my attitude toward them was consistent with



the challenge of climbing. It's simply a matter of fulfilling your potential, without overstepping it.

Which is why I was thinking about what I would do if I started falling off a log. So much that it was almost inevitable that I would fall. When my foot began to slip, I knew it would be a fall, but I thought I could catch myself on the log. But it was so slimy my hands slipped over its sides; I hugged and squeezed it with my legs, and spun upside down, 10 feet above the ground. For just a moment I hung there like a possum, then I dropped off and fell, looking up at the log as if it were being yanked away. As I was falling I heard cries of alarm ring from the porters: "Woo! Woo! Woo!" I landed with a thud on my back, coming to earth on the soft bank of a small stream, and bounced up unhurt.

The Dani believe that whenever a person slips on a trail, he has been pushed by a ghost. My quick rebound from such a nasty-looking fall seemed to stun them; they looked at me strangely when I got up smiling. I like to think that they believed I had taken a hard shot from the ghosts and come back defiant.

The nearest porters approached me with sympathetic expressions. Each offered his hand and a soft "kaonak." I was surprised, and touched, by their concern. "We're glad you're still with us," they seemed to be saying.

They didn't really treat me any differently after that incident, however, they probably quickly forgot it. In any event, any spirituality I may have acquired that day was stripped away a day later when I began vomiting along the trail from altitude illness.

Our first camp was deep in the high jungle, the altitude near 9,000 feet. We had flown over the low jungle, the real jungle, so there were no leeches or pythons or mosquitoes the size of storks, but it was very dark and thick. The porters chopped down a 40-foot pandanus tree after arguing so riotously over which direction it should fall that we were all laughing. They needed wood for a fire and to rebuild their *kanagada*, a shelter along the trail, this one a rundown A-frame, infrequently used. After replacing the missing slats with strips cut from the pandanus, they patched the gaping holes in the thatched roof with pandanus leaves, which they also wove into sleeping mats after softening them by

whisking them through the campfire.

Bob, Geoff and I ate a freeze-dried supper, an excellent Mountain House vegetable stew, and looked out of our tent into the night and the *kanagada*. The porters had spread ferns around the fire, and all 16 of them nestled around it. Aner invited us in. We squeezed into the hut, coughing and groping in the thick smoke, and they made room for us near the fire.

We thought it would be a good time for introductions. Bob began, presenting himself, then Geoff, then me. The porters picked up on this game immediately, and, smiling, moving around the *kanagada*, recited their names in turn: Aner, Yoni, Wunduwu, Martinus, Philipus, Sepanus. Then they sang for us, gentle chants with a chorus, each song preceded by a grandiose introduction. Bob took the stage and told them we were going to sing a spiritual of the American South, and we warbled a horrendous rendition of *Amazing Grace*. Aner said a prayer and then we went back to our tent for bed.

I woke up when a hard rain tapered to a patter. It was almost 4:30. From behind the tent came the pre-dawn sounds of the jungle—a rushing stream, the caws and bips of tropical birds. I rolled over on my stomach and peeked through the net doorway of our tent, across the darkness to the *kanagada*. White smoke rose through the thatched roof and drifted up into the dark sky. The fire flickered, silhouetting the hunched bodies of three or four porters as they squatted, staring into it. I could hear low chanting and the gentle giggling of the girls.

That morning Geoff and I felt good enough to shout, but Bob rose with the flu. We stuffed vitamins down his throat and lozenges into his pockets, but he was beyond stuffing. The porters could see something was wrong with him. Bob groaned for them, waving his hands obscurely over his body. Martinus looked at him in an almost fatherly way.

Martinus was a handsome man, with a full black beard and a charming smile. He had a hairy chest, which for most of the trek was covered by Geoff's crew neck. In a small pouch he carried his valuables—rupiah notes, cowrie shells (which once served as currency among Dani) and his worn *ayak*, which he was especially proud of.

Like those of most male Dani, Martinus' septum was pierced. The worn *ayak* is a battle ornament of boar tusks worn through the nose. The tusks are flattened by painstaking scraping, then tied together end to end. Martinus liked to show off his worn *ayak*; he would carefully take it from the pouch, slip it into his nose, adjust it, and pose with his chest thrust out, grinning vainly. He would first twist the tusks of the worn *ayak* up, making it curve like a handlebar mustache, then down, making it droop like a *Fu Manchu*.

Aner had a worn *ayak* as well, which Geoff admired as much as Aner admired Geoff's necktie, so they traded. The tie was an Oxford Dangerous Sports Society four-in-hand, black with a wheelchair emblem. Aner's worn *ayak* was unfinished when they traded, so he spent his spare time during the expedition scraping the tusks. Somehow it didn't seem fitting for our chief porter to be laboring so grimly for a necktie. It was like seeing your favorite grade-school teacher pumping gas as a second job.

Bob was sitting on a rock holding his head in his hands, and Martinus came over and put a hand on Bob's forehead. The porters bowed as Martinus prayed for Bob's recovery.

Martinus was a pastor. The Ilaga mission had sent him away to a Bible school in another village for three years. Martinus' clan name was Kogoya. Martinus was the Christian name he had taken when baptized.

Later in the trek, Martinus would spear a bat and roast it in the coals, then break it into little pieces and pass the morsels around the fire to the other porters. The next day he would do the same with a bright green parrot, which had a delicate taste. The bat we didn't sample.

Bob was not encouraged by the first mile of our second day out, which was consistently steep. After 35 minutes Aner halted the expedition for a rest, but Bob grudgingly trudged on for another half-hour, moving weakly but keeping pace by not resting. I could barely believe it, I couldn't imagine pushing that hard with the flu. He paused once on the top of a hill and stood there looking near death.

By midafternoon the weather was as gloomy as Bob was. The mist had turned to rain, then to hail, then to sleet as we climbed higher. It was the equatorial mountain precipitation pattern we would experience from this point on. continued

consistently rotten. Cold drizzle most afternoons, harder rain at night, maybe clear in the morning. Annual rainfall: 132 inches.

Most of the porters were still naked; I imagined myself standing naked on the Niagara Falls observation deck in early November, and shivered. Aner stopped as when the rain turned to sleet. He lit a fire and we stood three-deep around it. In front of me were the goosebump-covered shoulders of the porter Wanduwi, a forlorn look in his eyes.

As the day wore on, the party pulled away from Bob and me as we brought up the rear about 200 yards behind the rest. I had slowed my pace to keep Bob company, but I was moving no slower than I wanted to; I welcomed the excuse to ease off. We were both relieved when the second night's kanangda appeared, even if it was on top of a 200-foot hill. Geoff was cheerfully waiting for us there. When we reached the kanangda, Bob and I collapsed on the ground outside and lay there in the drizzle.

The morning was as cold as it was clear, and the porters were slow leaving camp. The porter Sam wanted all my clothes. Early in the trek he had discovered my yellow raincoat, and he had become attached to it, rain or shine. It conveniently unzipped from the bottom, which allowed room for his long kabewak. But during the previous afternoon's hail I had reclaimed it, trading him an umbrella and a turtle-neck. And when he skinned his toe on a rock, he borrowed my sneakers—though I marveled that he ever got them on. Sam had got his name when I introduced myself. "Sam," I said, pointing to my chest. "Sam," he said, pointing to his chest.

On the trek Sam carried a machete on his shoulder wherever he went. In the rain forest he once came running excitedly down the trail and flung the machete at a rat in a tree, but missed, and was disappointed at not bagging dinner.

Dealing with the porters' discomforts was difficult; it was easy to give them aspirin and rub their sore shoulders with ointment, but we were in a moral bind when it came to their warmth. More than once we watched a porter trudge alone, naked and miserable in the rain, carrying our warm, dry clothes on his back. But if we were to give up a warm jacket

and it got wet, we wouldn't have it when it was needed. We might get sick and risk the climb. We owed it to the expedition to ensure our own health and comfort. Still, we often felt guilty.

While we were hoarding our clothing, the porters were exhibiting nothing but generosity, toward each other as well as us. The night we packed in the clammy shack we had made sure the 12 packs weighed the same. But none of the porters seemed to care if his pack was heavy or light; when one porter got tired, another would take some of his load; if one straggled, another would go back for him. One misty morning, very early, I noticed Martinus discreetly testing the weights of the packs as they lay around the camp, but I doubt that he was motivated by any attempt to make his trek more comfortable at the expense of his brothers.

Martinus certainly never showed any reluctance to shoulder a burden, which he proved when we were crossing a whitewater tributary that guaranteed wet legs. Geoff had gotten soaked leaping the narrowest but deepest part. Bob had gotten soaked wading through the widest but shallowest part. I was standing on the near bank planning my attack. Martinus stepped into the rushing water, which came up to his thighs, and gestured for me to step off the bank onto his shoulders, which I did. He carried me across the river, using a staff to steady himself.

The survival of Bob, Geoff and me depended entirely on things made and done for us. Our clothes came out of packs, we slept in Poly-Fil and nylon, and our food came from laboratories. The porters' chief garment was a pandanus mat folded into a parka. They slept naked around a fire in a grass hut. They ate nothing but potatoes and the occasional but or rat or bird; sometimes they chewed on ferns. Yet they never seriously coveted our possessions—Sam notwithstanding—and were eager to share their own. Their kanangdas were open to us; our tents were too small for visitors. We warmed ourselves by their fire, while we had only a small kerosene stove to offer. They fed us their potatoes; we offered them only infrequent nibbles of our turkey Tetrazzini.

They were so gentle and generous it was difficult to comprehend that until the '60s their society had been based on warfare. The warring had vague causes, among them to placate ghosts. Warriors

from neighborhoods only a few miles apart would periodically square off on a battleground and throw spears and shoot arrows and shout insults at each other, often personal insults, because they frequently knew each other. Women would watch from hillside, glancing over their shoulders as they tended their potato gardens. Wars were called off if it began raining. There was rarely any hand-to-hand fighting, never any claimed territory. Warriors sometimes cooked and ate a fallen enemy as a gesture of contempt, but cannibalism was not a common practice. Score was only loosely kept; a balanced slate wasn't necessarily needed to satisfy the ghosts. Sometimes no one got killed, sometimes one, rarely more.

In the last 15 years, the ghosts have lost a lot of their influence to soldiers and missionaries. The Dutch began to pacify the Dani in the late '50s, with some success. But after the Dutch lost Irian Jaya to Indonesia in 1963, pacification measures were intensified as government outposts in the jungle were expanded. (The Iliaga military outpost was established in 1977.)

It is curious how easily most Dani accepted pacification, almost with the same casual indifference with which they fought their wars. Robert Gardner and Karl Heider, members of the first American anthropological team to study the Dani, the 1961 Harvard-Pesbody Expedition, wrote an eloquent book about them, called *Gardens of War*. Gardner, who organized the expedition, and Heider closed their book with these words: "Without [war] the culture would be entirely different; indeed, perhaps it could not find sufficient means to survive except parasitically as the novelty of missionaries or policemen."

At the moment our own survival was a more immediate concern. We had covered but 12 of the 44 miles to the base of Carstensz Pyramid. Bob was sick, our porters were suffering from the cold—and as rain followed mist and mist enveloped us again, we had yet to gain the first glimpse of our high, elusive goal.

NEXT WEEK

Slugging through smokhoks, across razor-sharp rocks and around glaciers, the expedition reaches Carstensz Pyramid to begin its assault.

Things would have gone differently today.



This is the aftermath of a hurricane that left 400 dead in Corpus Christi in 1919. Red Cross was called in after the damage was done.

When Hurricane Allen hit Corpus Christi in 1980, Red Cross was there before the disaster struck—to help people prepare and evacuate. We were there during the crisis to help provide relief. And, afterwards, we were there to help the victims minimize their pain. Hurricane Allen claimed two lives in Corpus Christi.

One hundred years of experience with disaster has taught us that being prepared for it is half the battle.

Find out how you can help your community to be prepared. Call your local Red Cross chapter today.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 16-22

Compiled by N BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—With 17 of the week's 40 NBA games decided by a total of only 25 points, there were plenty of close shaves. New Jersey and the Golden State by 16 in the third period failed to pull ahead 116-113. With 22 seconds remaining, the Nets' Cliff Robinson, who had 26 points overall, then won it with a jump shot. In a 101-98 Nets triumph over Cleveland, it was Mike Newlin's jumper with 1:17 left that put New Jersey ahead and his free throw that clinched the Nets' fourth consecutive victory. Their fifth didn't come much later, with Newlin's last-second jump shot tying the Trail Blazers 101-101. New Jersey won 121-111 in OT. San Antonio, the leader in the Midwest, defeated Cincinnati Devosco-leading Milwaukee 103-101, then fell 109-106 at Indiana as the Pacers' George McGinches grabbed two loose balls and scored four points in the last half minute. Pacific Division-leading Phoenix had two heartbreakers. The Suns led by seven in the final four minutes in Denver, but Nugent Allen English scored a rally, with a game-clinching jumper from the basket with 23 seconds to play. Final score 123-125 Denver. At Seattle, the difference was a free throw by the Sonics' Fred Brown, who was at the line because the Suns got a technical foul for having only four men on the court. That score 112-111 in Seattle's favor. Boston then games behind Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division, edged Denver 126-111, with Larry Bird hitting the game winner on the rebound as his own missed shot last came up short, 114-113, at Kansas City.

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY defeated Ray Buckley 2-0 to win a \$125,000 tournament in Pecos, N.M.

BOXING—LUPE PINTOR injured the WBC heavyweight champion with a 15 round decision over Buster Hooper in Houston.

GOLF—JOHNNY MILLER shot a 14 under-par 270 to win the \$300,000 Glen Campbell-Los Angeles Open by two strokes over Tom Weiskopf (page 24).

AMY ALCOFF defeated JoAnne Carver by one stroke to win the \$50,000 Best Time Ladies Classic at Saratoga, Fla. She shot a 12 under-par 276.

HOCKEY—While Minnesota's Mike Poth, Don Cassarthy and Tom McCuthey were scoring two goals apiece in the North Stars' 7-1 win over Vancouver, the referee was busy filling up the penalty boxes. After a 10-player first-for-all that preempted the final 49 seconds of the second period, he handed out a total of 116 penalty minutes. Rookie Jeff Barry Friesse assisted only 61

penalty minutes during Detroit's 7-2 home win over the Rangers, but after the beaten New York Islanders led six of his teammates in pursuit of a sponsor who had been among a group that had pulled the Rangers or St. Louis, cups and other debris in the closing minutes of the game. Fortunately, Detroit goalie Brian Fournier and his posse, all of whom were later fined by the league. Fournier, however, was unscathed. "The next time we play him, I'm going to sit out the game," he said. "I'm going to sit in the stands and I'm going to fan him. I'm going to cheer that guy again in his locker or later." In that game Red Wing Dave McCann had a hat trick. New to be evidence in the seven-less volatile department, Philadelphia and Los Angeles combined for a hat trick of their own with 12 minutes to play in their game in L.A., three separate breaks broke out simultaneously, for which the final tally was a 1-1 tie. After Wayne Gretzky scored five goals in last Edmonton to a 5-2 victory over St. Louis, which won 1-0 in the league with 34 points at week's end. Boston appointed rookie Forward Steve Kasper to the job of keeping Gretzky in check. Kasper kept him offensively. The NHL scoring leader (112 points) didn't even get a shot on net as the Bruins won 5-1. Briefly snuffed by a 4-3 loss in Winnipeg, Quebec's resurgence resumed with victory over Colorado (6-3) and Los Angeles (4-2) with Gaudinier Duce Bouchard turning away a total of 74 shots, and Vancouver (9-3), with Peter Stastny getting three goals and three assists and his brother Adam getting three and two.

HORSE RACING—JOHN HENRY (3), ridden by Luffa Packer Jr., defeated Galaxy Lady by 1½ lengths to win the \$107,800 Van Lan Ghospe Handicap on the turf at Santa Anita.

LETTLE BONNY (3)9-40, Eddie Maple up, came from eighth place on the far turn to win Lohrman St. by 4½ lengths in the \$184,200 Pan American Turf Handicap at Gulfstream Park. The 4-year-old filly covered the 1¼-mile course in 2:32.16.

PRINCESS KARENDA (3)9-40, Letti Pomeroy Jr. won best Glorious Son by a neck to win the \$200,000 Santa Margarita International Handicap at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old filly won the 1¼-mile race at 1:41.5.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRYL WALTERS, averaging 54.75 mph at a track, won the Richmond 400 in the Ford's Raceway's 340-mile oval. He finished five seconds ahead of Rick Byrd, who drove an Oldsmobile to

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Ivan Lendl 6-3, 7-6 to win a \$175,000 tournament in La Quinta, Calif.

BIANA MANDELKOVIA beat Bettine Bunge 6-4, 6-4 to win a \$100,000 tournament in Houston.

TRACK & FIELD—LAWSON COGILAN surpassed his 2-year-old world indoor-mile record of 3:52.6 with a clocking of 3:50.6 in San Diego (page 14).

CARL LEWIS of the U.S. established a world indoor record with a long jump of 27' 10½" in Fort Worth. He broke the mark of 27' 4" set by Larry Myricks of the U.S. last year.

SHAMEL ABBAYAS of the U.S.S.R. (right) jumped 56' 9½" in Grenoble, France, to exceed the world indoor record of 56' 4½" set by compatriot Gennadiy Valiyevich in 1979. At the same meet KAREN RAENEL of West Germany long jumped 22' 7½", to surpass the women's world indoor record of 22' 7" set by Angela Voigt of East Germany in 1976.

MILEPOSTS—BRIED: At coach of the Highland Whalers, DON KILBURN 42, who had a 42-63-35 NHL record since taking over the team two years ago.

PLACED ON PROBATION By the NCAA, CAL POLY POMONA, for violations in its basketball, football and cross-country programs between 1977 and 79. The school's basketball team will be barred from appearing on television or in postseason competition for two years, its football and cross-country teams for one year. Most of the violations involved athletes receiving fraudulent academic credits.

DIED WADSLAW KUCHAR, 83, former Polish chessman in four teams and considered among the most versatile athletes in history in Warsaw. He won national titles in the decathlon four times (1929-32) and in speed during six times, and played in the Polish champion hockey and soccer teams four and five times, respectively. He was also a regional champion in basketball, a champion in archery, cross-country skiing, gymnastics, strong and canoe.

CREDITS

18-19—Richard Mackinnon **20**—Richard Mackinnon (left) Andy Hayt. **21**—Richard Mackinnon **22**—Richard Mackinnon. **23**—Andy Hayt. **24**—Georgia Tadmor. **25**—Andy Hayt. **26**—Georgia Tadmor. **27**—Lana Stewart. **28**—Lana Stewart. **29**—Lana Stewart. **30**—Lana Stewart. **31**—Lana Stewart. **32**—Lana Stewart. **33**—Lana Stewart. **34**—Lana Stewart. **35**—Lana Stewart. **36**—Lana Stewart. **37**—Lana Stewart. **38**—Lana Stewart. **39**—Lana Stewart. **40**—Lana Stewart. **41**—Lana Stewart. **42**—Lana Stewart. **43**—Lana Stewart. **44**—Lana Stewart. **45**—Lana Stewart. **46**—Lana Stewart. **47**—Lana Stewart. **48**—Lana Stewart. **49**—Lana Stewart. **50**—Lana Stewart. **51**—Lana Stewart. **52**—Lana Stewart. **53**—Lana Stewart. **54**—Lana Stewart. **55**—Lana Stewart. **56**—Lana Stewart. **57**—Lana Stewart. **58**—Lana Stewart. **59**—Lana Stewart. **60**—Lana Stewart. **61**—Lana Stewart. **62**—Lana Stewart. **63**—Lana Stewart. **64**—Lana Stewart. **65**—Lana Stewart. **66**—Lana Stewart. **67**—Lana Stewart. **68**—Lana Stewart. **69**—Lana Stewart. **70**—Lana Stewart. **71**—Lana Stewart. **72**—Lana Stewart. **73**—Lana Stewart. **74**—Lana Stewart. **75**—Lana Stewart. **76**—Lana Stewart. **77**—Lana Stewart. **78**—Lana Stewart. **79**—Lana Stewart. **80**—Lana Stewart. **81**—Lana Stewart. **82**—Lana Stewart. **83**—Lana Stewart. **84**—Lana Stewart. **85**—Lana Stewart. **86**—Lana Stewart. **87**—Lana Stewart. **88**—Lana Stewart. **89**—Lana Stewart. **90**—Lana Stewart. **91**—Lana Stewart. **92**—Lana Stewart. **93**—Lana Stewart. **94**—Lana Stewart. **95**—Lana Stewart. **96**—Lana Stewart. **97**—Lana Stewart. **98**—Lana Stewart. **99**—Lana Stewart. **100**—Lana Stewart.

FACES IN THE CROWD

STACEY DOLLY
New Orleans, La., Fla.



Stacey, now 11, placed first among the women in the 10-km Chevrolet Road Race near Rome, Ga. with a time of 38:41, a U.S. best for 10-year-old girls. Earlier she set a half-marathon record for the same distance (1:29:42) in Melbourne, Fla.

JOHN MARSHALL
Pittsburgh, N.J.



John, a senior at Pleasant High, set a national high school indoor record of 1:50.7 in the 400 meters, while finishing second to Peter Lenzonova of UTEP at New York's Millrose Games. The old mark (1:52.0) was set by Larry Kelly in 1965.



MEL TIPTON
Madison, Wis., Wis.

Tipton, 46, a contractor with a bowling average of 218, rolled three 300 games inside of 29 days, first at Crossroads Bowl, then at Bow-A-Rama and again at Crossroads near St. Louis. He has now bowled five perfect games in his life.



MIKE SCHAFF
Bismarck, N. Dak.

Schaaf, 35, the wrestling coach at Bismarck High, has guided his team to 38 consecutive dual meet victories dating back to 1975. In all, the Demons have won 115 straight matches and eight of nine Class A state titles since 1972.



TOM HARRISON
Baltimore

Tom, a 6'4" sophomore center for Towson Catholic High, has averaged 19 points, 14 rebounds and six blocks a game to lead the 29-7 Owlettes to a No. 1 Baltimore-area ranking. She has scored 1,213 points in her two varsity seasons.



SARAH DWYER
Madison, Wis.

Sarah, 16, also a national champion cyclist, placed third in the 1,600 and 3,000 meters and third overall to Natalia Petrusheva of the U.S.S.R. and Karin Enke of East Germany at the Women's World Speed Skating Championships.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SCANDAL

Sir

Bravo! The Feb. 16 issue was the best in memory. In particular, the article by Henry Hill with Douglas S. Looney on the alleged Boston College scandal (*How I Put the Fix In*) was fascinating as well as disturbing. Also, Curry Kirkpatrick's article on handslaps was excellent. A high five to SI on this one.

RICK GRIFFITH
Lexington, Ky.

Sir

Starting with the first paragraph of Henry Hill's story, I got a strange, sickening feeling that grew stronger as I continued reading. My reaction stemmed from the knowledge that your publication actually sought out this lousy punk and gave him a national platform from which to dispense his absolutely disgusting philosophies.

If your aim in printing the article was to warn youngsters what can happen when they come in contact with characters like Hill, you missed the mark badly. It's much more likely that the tone of the story and the fact that SI saw fit to print it have made Hill a hero to hundreds of similar creeps who lurk on the outskirts of sports waiting for similar prey. Very bad editorial judgment, in my opinion.

WILLIAM C. CLOWLEY
Vice President, Public Relations
Boston Red Sox
Boston

Sir

A man is innocent until proved guilty, and the men Hill names haven't even been formally accused of anything. They and their families have no obligation whatsoever to speak to your bloodhounds, and as far as I'm concerned their refusal to do so is proof of nothing. I suggest you apologize.

JOHN McCULLOCH
Baltimore

Sir

I commend you for publishing the story on Henry Hill's point-shaving scheme. As a high school athlete, I am glad you have brought this to my attention and to the attention of other readers. It is a sorry day for sports whenever amateur athletes put money above the game. Perhaps this vital information will influence young athletes of the future to use good moral judgment.

PHIL POLNER
Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.

Sir

I question Henry Hill's statement that he and the three alleged Boston College point shavers were not involved in "dumping" or "blowing" games. In those games BC entered

as the underdog, the three BC fixers were reportedly concerned solely with losing by more than the betting line. If this is true, then obviously the three players made no effort to score an upset, on the contrary, they did everything to prevent it. I suggest that this constitutes dumping or blowing games.

JOSEPH HOFKINS
Lake Ariel, Pa.

SHAKIN'

Sir

I greatly enjoyed Curry Kirkpatrick's informative article on the history and variety of the handshake (*Whole Lot of Shakin' Goin' On*, Feb. 16). There is another variation that he overlooked. Here, at the University of Richmond, the baseball team has devised the Spider handshake, Spider being the nickname of our athletic teams.

Players extend their right hands toward each other just as in a regular shake, but instead of clasping hands, they randomly wiggle their fingers with the hand remaining stationary.

Philadelphia Phillies' Pitcher Ron Reed was once observed performing a variation of the Spider handshake as he extended only two fingers and wiggled them. Nevertheless, it is almost certain that the Spider handshake originated at Richmond, and more than likely, it will remain here.

BARRY PAVEL
Richmond

Sir

Dusty Baker's assertion that everything starts in the Bay Area is interesting in light of the San Francisco Giants' version of the high five: players congratulate one another with three medium-high fives, the last of which culminates in a modified soul shake. I have used it with friends and co-workers and have found it very satisfying.

SKIP CORSONI
Woodcrest, Calif.

Sir

Curry Kirkpatrick said that Gene Banks and Kenny Derrard of Duke are working on a new handshake in which they fake the high five, continue to whirlwind their arms down low and then slap and clap hands in a reverse, behind-the-back position. Well, they're too late. The basketball team at my school—Brownsville (Pa.) Area High—has been doing this before every game since the start of the season, and it's too smooth for any other team to copy.

RICHARD HOUGH
Brownsville, Pa.

Sir

I'm sorry to disappoint Gene Banks and

Kenny Derrard, but their "terrific new number—a sort of charade five" has already been invented and perfected. It was concocted at Villanova University by the school band's intramural basketball team (5-0). Contrary to what Derrard says, this spectacular shake carries no risk of breaking an arm—only of dislocating a thumb. I know, I was a victim.

MIKE OPIELSKI
King of Prussia, Pa.

Sir

The high five has even migrated to suburban Bloomfield Hills, Mich., but with tragic results. During a particularly intense high school intramural basketball game, one of the players raised his hand to receive the standard high five. A teammate reared back to give it to him. But he missed the first player's hand and ended up with a separated shoulder and in a sling for six weeks.

JOHN TOBIN
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Sir

Ridiculous! Gentlemen still use and always will use the "old-fashioned" firm handshake!

EDWARD V. MORITZ
St. Charles, Mo.

REAR VIEW

Sir

Everyone knows about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual Sportsman of the Year and bachelorette issues. But I enjoy SI's less publicized annual Curry Kirkpatrick's Biggest Rear End in the Game of Basketball issue.

Last year, Kirkpatrick said that Louisville's Rodney McCray had "what may be the most gigantic rear end in the sport" (*Louisville Is an Uzzle-Py*, Jan. 14, 1980). This year, the award obviously goes to Oregon State's Steve Johnson, whose derrière Kirkpatrick describes as "what may be the most massive rear end in the history of the game" (*No. 1 and No. 1A*, Feb. 9).

While I look forward to more of Kirkpatrick's insightful reporting on the game, I can hardly wait to see who wins next year's coveted award.

RICK HEZLER
Decatur, Ga.

• Perhaps it should be noted that DePaul's now "fairly swift" Mark Aguirre received an honorable mention from Kirkpatrick as the former "Zaggy the Elephant and Big Drawers" of Chicago's Westinghouse High (*Uffo, America, We Came Back*, Dec. 1).—ED.

TOO MUCH TOO SOON?

Sir

MUST SPORTS ILLUSTRATED celebrate 6-year-old boys who score 83 goals in one soc-

continued



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3M

18TH HOLE continued

cer season, including 34 goals in one game (FACES IN THE CROWD, Jan. 19) I don't mean to belittle the boy's achievement—he's undoubtedly a fine athlete—but who benefits from publicizing such a one-sided display? I challenge you to send a reporter to Scliana Beach next year to find out how many of the boy's humiliated opponents are still playing soccer. Particularly interesting would be an article on the goalkeeper or keepers who gave up the 34 goals in one game. And what about the boy's teammates? Did any of them ride the bench while the stupendous score was being rolled up? Ten or 20 years from now you might do a follow-up story on the 6-year-old scoring machine to tell us what happens to a youth when the goals and glory don't come so easily. In the meantime, I would appreciate any tips you can give me on how to communicate to my own youth teams the importance of team play and sportsmanship. I've always told my young players that scoring goals is not the only measure of success in soccer games. But perhaps you would argue that I have been wrong.

KENT RASMUSSEN
Van Nuys, Calif.

LOCAL INTEREST

Sir:

Swish! Boom! The hurrah of the week goes to SI and Frank Deford for a terrific article on New York sports announcer Warner Wolf (TV/RADIO, Feb. 9). It's too bad the entire country can't enjoy Wolf's reports and enthusiasm. He's wonderful!

CHRISTINE O'ROURKE
Ridgewood, N. J.

Sir:

I've often left the dinner table early to see Warner Wolf's nightly sports report. Not only does he spend hours looking at game tapes, as you mentioned, but he also has taken the time to personally respond to two of my letters. I'll gladly take his "swish" and "boom!" over the average ho-hum sportscaster.

STEVEN MARDON
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Sir:

Warner Wolf? Give me a break! He isn't even the best sportscaster at his station! Len Berman is more articulate, more creative and easier to take.

F. H. JOHNSON
Port Washington, N. Y.

Sir:

I just finished your article on Warner Wolf, and it annoys me when people start their spoken sentences with the word "hey." If that's what we've been missing since Wolf bombed on ABC, then, I'll just say, "Hey, Big Apple, you can have him."

JAMES P. SULLIVAN
Chicago

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

A hand is shown holding a Budweiser can, which is partially submerged in a large pile of crushed and flattened beer cans. The scene is set against a dark, textured background, possibly representing a landfill or a recycling facility. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the hand and the can it holds. The text "THIS BUD'S FOR YOU." is superimposed in large, white, bold letters across the lower portion of the image.

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Carlton 100's Soft Pack	less than 6	0.5
Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1
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